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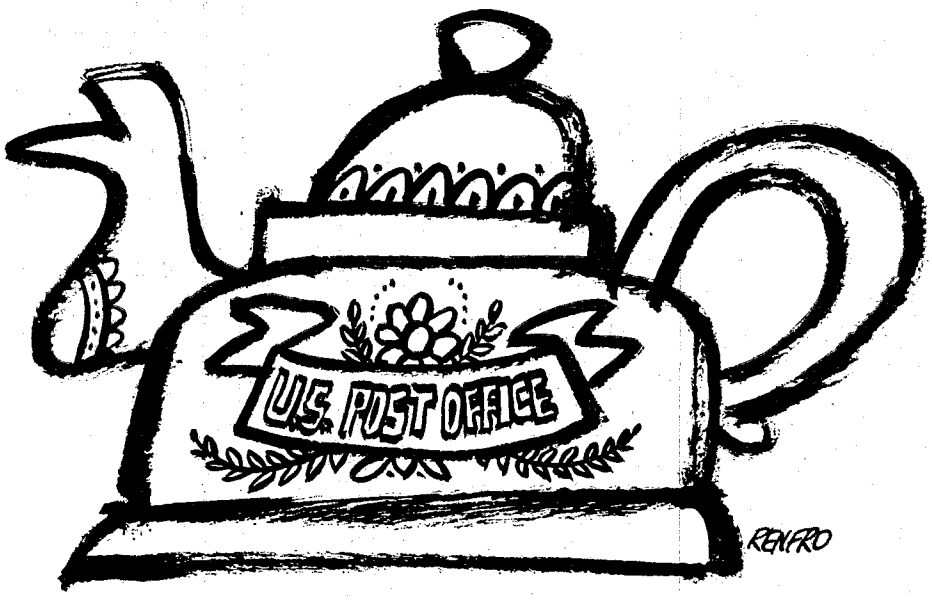

Snoopers & Tappers: Law-Enforcement Underground

FRED J. COOK

THE LANGUAGE OF WATTS Stanley Sanders

Art Books & Records—1965

Max Kozloff Benjamin Boretz

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LETTERS

Two ex-G-men

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The article by William W. Turner ["Crime Is Too Big for the FBI," *The Nation*, Nov. 8] was an odd one. . . . In fact it was quite evident to me, after reading it, why the FBI neither assigned him to a critical field office (as he regrets) nor to an important investigation (which he bemoans).

Item: Lack of Comprehension — In criticizing the FBI for not investigating crimes over which they have no jurisdiction, Mr. Turner says "the bureau has pet crimes—bank robbery, kidnaping, car theft . . . in which it has *chosen* to specialize" and "in bank robberies the bureau *takes* its authority (to investigate) from a *wisp of technicality*" (preceding italics the writer's). As he should know, but seemingly does not, the FBI investigates bank robberies, kidnapings and car thefts because it was directed to do so by Congress in sections 2113, 1201 and 2312, respectively, of Title 18 of the United States Code. . . . "

Item: Lack of Knowledge—As to the FBI's alleged failure to investigate "organized crime," Mr. Turner suggests jurisdiction to do so under such federal criminal laws as interstate transportation of gambling devices, stolen property, white slave traffic, hijacking, bribery, unlawful flight to avoid prosecution "and a fistful of others." Briefly (for a proper response would take pages and I still would not have countered his "fistful"), national gamblers do not transport gambling devices interstate to any substantial extent (it is not necessary to do so), nationally organized theft does not exist, neither does interstate transportation of whores (I have not heard the term "white slave" in law-enforcement circles for forty years), nor hijacking (at least since Prohibition days except for a flurry during World War II). The bribery law applies only to federal officers. The Unlawful Flight to Avoid Prosecution violation occurs only when a person charged with a state crime flees the state. In my opinion the FBI is fully informed as to national criminal activities (I am somewhat skeptical of the phrase "organized crime"), but the problem is establishing a violation of federal criminal law. It is Congress that must provide these laws, not Mr. Hoover . . . .

Item: Thriller Mentality—Says Mr. Turner, "(The Mafia) is so powerful and tightly knit that it could exert a monopoly on illicit enterprises anytime it wanted." Says Luigi Barzini in *The Italians*, "(Mafia) is not a strictly organized association. . . . It is a loose and haphazard collection of heterogeneous groups. . . . "

Item: Poor Judgment—Mr. Turner disapproves of Mr. Hoover's disapproval of a "National Police Force." The Gestapo, the Kempei Tai, and others, were national police forces. They are dangerous; for a monolithic nation-wide police force can . . . imperil individual liberties. Further, it is not necessary. . . .

Item: Bias—Mr. Turner asserts the FBI has not caught anyone in the act of "incinerating a Southern church used as a civil rights meeting." Whether a meeting place is a church or a building with less emotional connotation, it is not a federal crime to commit arson (except of federal property). . . . In this connection (presumably) Mr. Turner quotes Mr. Hoover: "We can't wetnurse everybody who goes down South." I do not know the quote but would wager it was not said in connection with the burning down of a church. . . .

I am a former FBI agent.

Nicholas Alaga

Sausalito, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Alaga's viewpoint is contradicted by those who hold organized crime to be a new power elite in America: Robert Kennedy; the late Sen. Estes Kefauver; Edward Allen, former chairman of the International Association of Chiefs of Police committee on organized crime; retired Captain James Hamilton of Los Angeles, who established the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit embracing sixty major departments to pick up the coverage duties the FBI sadly neglected, and a host of other authorities. Rather than developing a counterargument of his own, Mr. Alaga seems to have devoted himself to hair splitting and personal deprecation. Hence he employs irrelevancies (e. g., *The Italians* characterizes the Mafia *in Sicily only*, not its powerful American offspring); is self-contradictory (Why bother to excuse FBI lethargy if there is no organized crime?); and parrots tired Hoover canards (e. g., the chimera of a "National Police Force" as an incipient Gestapo. Proponents of anti-syndicate action urge a national clearinghouse, without police powers, that will override interagency jealousies). Mr. Alaga grudgingly concedes there are "national criminal activities," but contends the FBI's hands are tied. He should well know that what his erstwhile boss asks of Congress, he gets. Hoover would have had no more difficulty getting supplemental legislation on organized crime than he did in getting the statute of limitations lengthened after the Brink robbery went unsolved past the federal deadline, or in eliminating the seven-day waiting period previously required in kidnapings when there was no evidence of federal jurisdiction. . . . He has not only shrugged off the organized crime problem himself, but he has effectively blocked efforts of others to cope with it. Thus he is still the preeminent police chief in this country. But many law-enforcement officers consider it tragic that his prestige and influence far outweigh his accomplishments.

William W. Turner

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Economics of the Long War

The news media, electronic and printed alike, live by drama; consequently nothing makes them happier than a confrontation, a clash of wills among titans. So the disagreement between the President of the United States and the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board was pictured in gladiatorial terms, with William McChesney Martin fighting for tight money against the old Populist from the Southwest, beating his breast for easy credit, full employment and the Great Society. There may be some truth in this interpretation of the Federal Reserve's hiking of the discount rate by half a point, but it is not the whole truth, nor even a major part. Mr. Johnson might well wish that Mr. Martin were his subordinate, to be fired at will, but Woodrow Wilson and Carter Glass did not plan it that way, and in the end Mr. Johnson may be glad that fiscal policy is not entirely in his hands.

Before the elections of last fall, a recession was expected in 1966; the hope was that it would be mild. But when the President acceded to a massive expansion of the war in Southeast Asia, the buoyancy of the economy was assured. By this time, even high school dropouts know that the vitality of the U. S. economy depends on government spending, which as a practical matter means predominantly military spending. When the divisions began to move across the Pacific, a matter of $12 billion of unscheduled military spending began to move into the budget. Bankers may have had misgivings, but businessmen were happy. To cite only one minor item, *The Wall Street Journal* reports that the Defense Supply Agency, which had been estimating that it would need only 6.6 million yards of various fabrics in the first quarter of 1966, now wants the textile people to produce 40.5 million yards. That sixfold increase may not be enough, and the agency is inserting an option clause in each procurement contract to allow for a 50 per cent increase. What with military needs on top of brisk civilian business, a new class of textile millionaires may be in the making. Similar hopes may spring in other industries, and with a good chance of fulfillment.

Note, however, that even while Vietnam was a mere brush-fire war, a near-capacity situation existed in most industries. Some were at 90 per cent, some practically at full capacity. Few were starving for business. Now, with another Korean war (or worse) in the making, the prospect is for severe pressure on many industries. Normally uneconomic equipment will be put back in operation, with consequent pressure on prices. As always in a war, the tendency will be for prices to rise to a level commensurate with the costs of the least efficient producers, plus a reasonable profit. Unless prices are regulated, this means an unreasonable profit for the efficient producers. It also means that the consumer boom must be braked in some way. The last thing the President wants is to play such a kill-joy role. That he and Secretary McNamara see what is coming is indicated, however, by their obdurate stand on aluminum and copper prices. Rollbacks, not increases, are needed in the situation now developing.

Chairman Martin has taken the initiative in checking the boom. Since almost everyone agrees with Mr. McNamara's prediction of a long war, further slowing down may be necessary. The President finds it politic to differ with Mr. Martin in public, but the hard-fisted banker emerged from the conference with the great Populist without a bloody nose. Privately, the President may be grateful to him. If he isn't now, he may be later.

The State Department's Nyet

Either President Johnson has no control over his State Department or he was not sincere in saying that he would support proposals for peace that came out of the White House Conference on International Cooperation.

The Arms Control and Disarmament Committee of that conference was properly teased by Sen. Joseph Clark for coming out "with a disarmament report that doesn't discuss disarmament," in a world-wide and complete sense. But even those major proposals that it did make—and they were bold by Johnsonian standards—were opposed by the State Department.

The committee, chaired by MIT's dean of science Jerome Wiesner, recommended that the United States take the lead in seeking a nonaggression pact between NATO and the Warsaw Treaty Organizations. To which Assistant Secretary of State John Leddy responded, with his own cheap definition of terms: "We shouldn't treat NATO and the Warsaw organization as similar. NATO is made up of free countries and the Warsaw Treaty rests on force." If such a man could be reasoned with, the only logical answer to that would be, so what?

To the committee's suggestion for promoting cooperation between East and West Germany that might "ultimately lead to some kind of confederation," Leddy again fell back on the old State Department line, its features worn smooth and meaningless by repetition, that federations are not acceptable but only "self-determination by free election." It is strange how that means to the State Department one thing in Germany and quite another in Vietnam.

The citizens group also urged a try at opening bilateral talks with Red China on arms control, and some preliminary gestures that might end with that nation in the UN. Deputy Assistant Secretary of State David H. Popper replied that merely because Red China has the atomic bomb leaves it "far from clear" why such steps should be taken. As for the proposal that

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all nuclear powers give 0.5 per cent of their military budget to the UN for peace-keeping purposes, Popper could hardly keep a straight face. One-half of 1 per cent, he reckoned, comes to $250,000,000 for peace-keeping, which seems "a bit generous."

Cut back the arms stockpiles by one-third, call a three-year moratorium on new deployment of ballistic missiles, stop the production of all nuclear arms and open all atomic energy plants, unilaterally if necessary, to international inspection—to these other recommendations the response from the White House has so far been a very loud silence.

Questions Unanswered

Both Sen. Jacob K. Javits and his colleague Robert Kennedy have asked publicly for a Congressional debate on Vietnam. If our Vietnam policy were the subject of free and searching discussion in the Senate, much that has been hidden from the public would be brought out into the open, and the present drive toward a bloodier, even more horrible war might be slowed, perhaps eventually stopped. Such a debate would deal with these questions, among others: (1) How did we get sucked into this whirlpool? (2) Why did we fail to get out when we were still on the periphery? (3) What is the inside story of our involvement with the French and, ultimately, our assuming their colonial role? (4) What induced us to install Ngo Dinh Diem as the ruler of South Vietnam, and later to abandon him? (5) Why did we repudiate the 1954 accord which, though we did not sign it, we had promised to respect? (6) What is the present state of graft and corruption in South Vietnam? Can it be confirmed that hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of the "economic aid" supplied by the United States to the government of South Vietnam is sold by that government to local businessmen?

If these matters were discussed, much else would come to the surface.

Great difficulties lie athwart the proposal for full debate. Not only might the American people be disillusioned; the enemy might prove to have been no more wicked than the people on our side, and so the picture of a righteous war would be badly stained. The parliamentary situation is also unfavorable. Soon the President will be asking for immense sums for the prosecution of the war. When that point is reached, opposition will be impossible—not one legislator in a hundred would dare to vote against, or even question, appropriations requested by the President to sustain troops in the field. But prior to such time, the Foreign Relations committees of the Senate and House are not likely to hold hearings on Senator Javits' resolution calling for hearings and debate, unless the State Department gives the green light, and the State Department will do nothing of the kind unless the President gives his consent, the chances of which are microscopic.

The ordinary voter who is paying the bills and sending his sons to be killed is not, however, without remedy. Nineteen sixty-six is an election year. By direct forceful contact with his Congressmen, on a sufficiently wide scale, an investigation might conceivably be launched. Or petitions might be circulated and resolutions passed in which the Senate would be urged to conduct open hearings on American policy in Vietnam, to be followed by a full-dress debate. But the time is short.

The evil, in truth, is much greater than Vietnam, although that is the focus at the moment. The post-World War II foreign policy of the United States has never been seriously debated since Henry Wallace made his futile bid for the Presidency in 1948.

What need to be threshed out now are the larger assumptions, the objectives, the rationale if any, of American foreign policy in the light of the experience of the last twenty years. We have never gotten the debate which, as citizens of a democracy, we are entitled to in law and equity, because so few Congressmen are prepared to challenge the basic assumptions of the cold war.

If this challenge is not raised, and raised soon, history will record that—with one exception—no people was ever more cynically deceived than the people of the United States. The exception is not a pleasant one. Germany, under Hitler and the Nazis, prepared for World War II without debate and with all opposition silenced. But Germany, even under the Weimar Republic, was only a crippled democracy, and soon it was no democracy at all.

Social Engineering

Since engineering became a profession a few centuries ago, the principal emphasis has been on constructive works. World War II and its sequelae changed all that, reducing many branches of engineering to mere appendages of the military machine. Cloaked in patriotism and rewarded with hefty increases in income, the ethical degradation of an honored profession was scarcely noticed. Only recently have efforts at rehabilitation been made, largely through the initiative of Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown of California, who sensed an opportunity in the instability of employment resulting from cancellation of big government contracts. The Governor was assisted by the distaste of the aerospace companies for a public image inseparably associated with mass murder. The result has been a number of contracts whereby the state, at a cost of $100,000 in each case, enlisted the services of Aerojet-General for advice on waste disposal, of Lockheed Missiles & Space on information management, of North American Aviation on transportation and of Space General on crime. Systems Development Corp. was brought into the program in a general consulting capacity.

Good ideas have a way of spreading. Mayor-elect John V. Lindsay has likewise turned to Systems Development to coordinate efforts of aerospace firms to help solve the problems of New York City. On the federal level, Sen. Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin is sponsoring a bill to make $125 million available over

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a five-year period for aerospace company studies of pressing needs.

The results of the studies to date indicate that solutions can be found to a strikingly broad spectrum of problems by the application of systems engineering, which is based on the principle that a problem must be viewed in its entirety by teams of trained men, and without excessive reliance on traditional methods and techniques. Proposed solutions are not necessarily put to use, but may be compared by simulation in models and high-speed computation. In the field of transportation, for example, North American suggested that state engineers be provided with a series of sub-models to be used as planning tools. Aided also by computers, they could then compare the cost and effectiveness of available means of transportation in laying out highway routes, instead of building the roads and discovering the faults later. For California, such a planning device would cost about $10 million—the price of a single mile of urban freeway. North American also contends that even with today's technology, advanced modes of travel, such as 500-mph tube trains, could break the vicious circle of more cars and more express highways, which are filled to capacity on completion by still more cars.

A striking example of social prophecy emerged from Space General's crime study. Their engineers applied five parameters—crime rate, school dropout rate, median income, population density and percentage of minority group—to 100 neighborhoods in Los Angeles. Watts was at the head of the list in all five categories of the report—submitted a month before the riots broke out.

Techniques and projects such as these can help to build a truly great society. The danger is that with the expanding war in Asia, these and other promises of social health may be lost. "History," Veblen wrote, "records more frequent and more spectacular instances of the triumph of imbecile institutions over life and culture than of peoples who have by force of instinctive insight saved themselves alive out of a desperately precarious institutional situation, such, for instance, as now faces the people of Christendom." It remains to be seen whether, despite these efforts at the reorientation of engineering, what Veblen wrote in 1914 will not be applicable to the late sixties.

Watts—The Sad Litany

At an expense of $275,000, the McCone Commission has issued its report on the Watts riots (see article p. 490 this issue). The 101-page document, designed to shed light on the causes, and if possible the cure, of an affray which resulted in thirty-four deaths (almost all Negroes), more than a thousand injuries, and at least $40 million in property damage, showed no interest in Watts itself. Accordingly, some Negro leaders were indignant, but the ordinary people of the neighborhood were indifferent. They gave the report the attention it deserved, which was very little.

There was nothing vicious about the conclusions reached by John A. McCone, former director of the CIA, and his seven colleagues on the commission. They were trying to be fair and constructive, but within the limits of politics and economics as usual. Except perhaps for the two Negro members (and then only in part) what they said could not on any account rock the foundations of the Establishment.

With this implicit limitation, the McCone report could only follow in the wake of numerous earlier efforts in the same genre. The first and most memorable was Charles Johnson's 1919 analysis of the Chicago race riots, which traced the effects of urbanization on the Southern Negro migrant to the big city. Since then, all the reports have been in that pattern, ritualized to such a degree that they constitute a kind of litany, deploring bad housing, police brutality, inferior schools, no jobs and all the other afflictions which, after the riot and the report, continue without significant change.

So with McCone. Actually the *Los Angeles Times*, in its series of articles on the Watts disorders, probed more sharply and deeply than the McCone Commission. For reasons of decorum and politics it was necessary, of course, for the Governor to appoint a commission, to assign a prominent citizen to head it, and to receive with appropriate gratitude the document over which the commission had conscientiously labored. But if the *Times* articles had simply been reprinted, the results would have been the same and $275,000 could have been devoted to some worth-while purpose.

The crux of the Watts situation is jobs. The rate of unemployment in Watts is several times that of the rest of Los Angeles and that is high enough — 5 per cent. Five thousand decently paying jobs would not cure all the evils of Watts by any means, but by giving men an occupation and an income it would improve the situation sufficiently to forestall another outburst. And that is all that white Los Angeles really wants. Yet even that modicum is unattainable. The money is available—about $18 million of the $29 million recommended by federal trouble-shooters after the dust settled. These funds have gone from the Office of Economic Opportunity to the City of Los Angeles, but the bulk of the money is not to be spent in Watts for immediate relief but on long-term, county-wide anti-poverty projects.

There are several reasons for this pattern of procrastination. One that is particularly revealing is that Mexican-Americans are a bigger minority than Negroes, and equally underprivileged, and officials are reluctant to appear to be "rewarding lawbreaking." Another factor that can hardly encourage either the Mexican-American or the Negro-American communities is the departure of Mayor Yorty for Vietnam, where he is making what he regards as an indispensable survey of the war and how it is to be won. When the next riot will occur, and where, can probably be learned from a skillfully programed computer, but one needs only a pair of eyes and ears to know that another explosion will occur—and that another McCone-type report will follow as the night the day.

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UN POWER SHIFTS

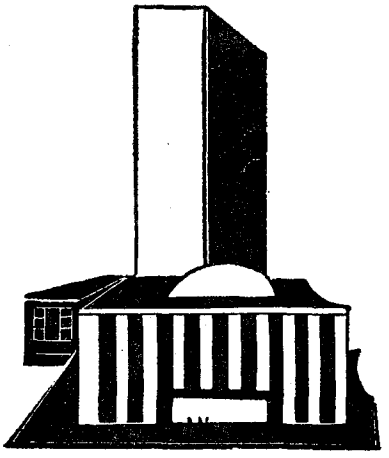
Decline of the Unaligned . . Anne Weill-Tuckerman

Twice in recent weeks, African countries have argued in vain before the Security Council for drastic United Nations action—against the white minority government of Rhodesia and against the Portuguese colonizers.

The Rhodesian crisis roused African wrath, not only toward the unilateral declaration of independence by the European settlers, but also toward the alleged duplicity of the United Kingdom which, they claimed, allowed or even helped the situation to develop to this extremity. An unprecedented seventeen delegations not members of the Security Council asked to participate in the Council debates on Southern Rhodesia; of these, fifteen were African and one was Asian. Their speeches carried the full measure of bitter "I told you so," and warnings of bloody events in Africa in case Prime Minister Ian Smith was not brought speedily to his knees. It was "obvious," said Diallo Telli, Secretary General of the Organization of African Unity, in the wake of the coup in Salisbury, that Chapter VII of the Charter of the United Nations, the chapter dealing with UN sanctions in cases of aggression or threats to the peace, would be brought to bear on the situation.

The resolution submitted by the Ivory Coast, the only African member of the Security Council, stated flatly that "the situation resulting from this declaration of independence constitutes a threat to international peace and security," and went on to call for the full range of sanctions under Chapter VII, from an economic and diplomatic boycott to the use of UN armed forces "against the racist minority settler regime."

These "obvious" maximum demands of the African states were never met. Instead, after innumerable sessions of vehement, if private, haggling, the Africans had to settle for a "minimum" Bolivian-Uruguayan resolution, which the Council adopted unanimously and



which followed closely the outline of British policy. Britain had brought the case to the Security Council not only in order to be the first to do so, but also to ask for participation by the UN members in the economic and financial measures it had decreed immediately following the Rhodesian rebellion. Britain received the requested support from the Security Council. A call for an oil embargo was also written into the resolution, perhaps earlier than the British Government had originally envisaged. But there was no more mention of Chapter VII or UN-imposed sanctions, and if language was strong and injunctions solemn, London kept full charge of initiating the future course of action. Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart went home after heading the British delegation in the Council with nothing more severe than a vague call to his government "to take all other appropriate measures which would prove effective in eliminating the authority of the usurpers and in bringing the minority regime in Southern Rhodesia to an immediate end."

Support by the United States for such a resolution was a foregone conclusion. Not so the assenting vote of the USSR which, in the not distant past, used to abstain on, or even veto, compromise resolutions which the African states considered insufficiently strong.

On the question of the Portuguese African colonies where the situation, chronically deplored in UN debates, has not deteriorated into a crisis, the Soviet Union sided with the African countries—and Nationalist China: to request all states to deny arms to Portugal for use in its African territories. It did so, however, after an Afro-Asian resolution invoking broad economic sanctions under Chapter VII had been withdrawn. The United States, the United Kingdom and France abstained in the final vote, together with the Netherlands. The "minimum" resolution barely obtained the necessary seven votes, and its effectiveness is at best dubious.

Thus the big powers thwarted on these two occasions the will of the Africans to get the United Nations involved in effective action against prime African targets.

These events illustrate a basic evolution in the United Nations toward the decline in influence of the newly independent countries (despite their numerical majority) and the resumption of control by the big powers—as was envisaged by the San Francisco Charter before the process of decolonization set in. The climax of African power in the UN, the Congo operation, would be inconceivable today when the United States, as well as the USSR, has become wary of large UN military commitments which it would not necessarily control, but which it would be asked largely to finance. Washington has served notice of its reservations in any such future course. (Since the Congo, the African states themselves have shunned outside international intervention and have brought their regional conflicts to the Organization of African Unity.)

The four permanent members of the Security Council (the fifth one, Nationalist China, is regularly left out nowadays), working alone, moved jointly and effectively in the Council last September to obtain a cease-fire between India and Pakistan, which was in their common interest, in addition to the interest of peace, and to make arrangements for a UN supervision team there. Conversely, the big powers jointly prevented a call for UN military action against the rebellious Rhodesian government.

The enlargement of the Afro-

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Asian representation in the Security Council, which will take place on January 1, with an increase of membership from eleven to fifteen, is not likely to change this present fact of international life. The reasons behind the imbalance of forces can be found in the development of recent African history and East-West relations. A certain disenchantment has taken place in the short period since Harold Macmillan made his famous 1960 speech on the "winds of change." The winds did blow, and they swept away the colonial structures of Africa, putting in their wake new flags, new dreams and new leaders reveling in newly found independence. Then the rains came. The new nations discovered that the basic problems of economic underdevelopment, of tribal rivalry, of unfavorable climatic conditions, and of a society not geared to the industrial era remained with them. The colonizing powers had not, in their time, given the necessary priority to such tasks. Independence per se did not bring a solution, and especially not an overnight solution. The new African political map, which had given rise to elated feelings of idealism, especially among Americans, became the scene of successive convulsions: power struggles and border disputes against the bleak background of economic backwardness.

The governments of the new countries, not limited to Africa, are perfectly aware of these problems and have had to put off ideological battles in favor of more urgent needs. Among these, foreign capital is at the top of the list, and with it comes, of necessity, a certain accommodation to political alignment, in spite of all statements to the contrary. Not being able to go it alone economically, the new countries cannot isolate themselves from the main political currents and can even less adopt a posture of smug self-righteousness, as India did before it became in need of military assistance against China.

The emergence of China as a Communist force distinct from the Soviet Union has brought additional disruption to the Afro-Asian world. The Bandung conference, which in 1955 had consecrated the emergence of the new countries of Asia and Africa as a political force, could not be repeated in Algiers in 1965. If it had been held, the conference, instead of concentrating on common problems and world issues, would have served mostly as a forum for the Sino-Soviet rivalry. Countries wishing to remain unaligned in the ideological East-West conflict would have been caught square in the middle of the Byzantine Marxist ideological conflict. The decision to postpone indefinitely the Algiers conference coincided with a soft-pedalling of Algerian initiatives as one of the leaders of the nonaligned forces, which had met successively in Belgrade and Cairo. (More than sixty countries participated in the last Cairo conference of October, 1964.)

Macpherson, Toronto Star

With the decline of Indian influence, the group of "uncommitted" nations became mainly African, the Asian countries, at least as far as the UN is concerned, being far fewer and their ranks being further depleted by the "unpersons" of Asian political life: China, North and South Vietnam and North and South Korea. Unaligned Arab countries, a source of division as well as unity, concentrated on their own specific problems. Yugoslavia, which had hitched its star to the nonaligned world, while keeping the hammer and sickle on its banner, became an artificial appendix of the African continent as a perennial co-sponsor of African resolutions. In five years, the five "wise men" who had been in the limelight of the 1960 UN "summit" General Assembly — Nehru, Nasser, Tito, Nkrumah and Sukarno—lost most, if not all, the influence they tried to wield as a group on big-power politics.

The change in big-power relationship left no room for a "third force" between the two opposing blocs which had, to a large extent, ceased both to be blocs and to be opposed. After several years of inflated influence, due in part to the East-West race for their favors, the new and nonaligned nations are once more by-passed on the international chessboard by big-power hegemony, now motivated primarily by the concern of Washington and Moscow over China. President Johnson's Administration has ceased to be preoccupied by the country's "image" abroad and has firmly set on a course based on considerations of realism and strength.

The fact is that ideology is playing a smaller and smaller role in international relations, and the East-West conflict as such has all but disappeared, except on specific issues like Germany. The present UN General Assembly has been characterized by a fairly harmonious relationship between the United States and the USSR, each one taking great pains to avoid a showdown on Vietnam. It is ironic that the height of ideological polemics came with the

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discussion of a Soviet declaration on the "inadmissibility of foreign intervention in the domestic affairs of states." The Soviet delegation was aiming at an Assembly condemnation of U.S. intervention in Vietnam, without naming any country. The American and the British delegation, in turn, entered the game in order to turn this condemnation into one against subversion and indirect aggression, meaning that of North Vietnam supported by China and abetted by the Soviet Union. It was a shameful spectacle indeed to see the three big powers, which have carefully avoided bringing before the Security Council the most serious war of this decade, carry on a nit-picking battle of words and definitions before the UN political committee.

Their unity of purpose has intimidated the nonaligned countries, many of which raised the question of Vietnam in speeches during the general debate, but none of which took any initiative to have the United Nations seek a way out of the war. Instead, two leaders of the group, Yugoslavia and Algeria, channeled their efforts toward the future convening of a world disarmament conference with the participation, if possible, of Communist China—an event which will depend on whether or not the United States and China pursue their present collision course. The repeated argument that the absence of China from the United Nations and its hostile attitude toward the world organization doom UN efforts in advance should not have prevented a bold debate in the Security Council or in the General Assembly on the Vietnam issue, and at least an attempt by powers not directly involved in the war to devise drastic and dramatic measures to bring about a cease-fire and subsequent negotiations.

If the nonaligned world wanted, as it has claimed, to be the conscience of the United Nations as a primary force for peace, it has lost this opportunity by sharing in the voluntary blindness of the international organization toward the Vietnam conflict.

Riot as a Weapon

THE LANGUAGE OF WATTS . . Stanley Sanders

In all the analyses, post-mortems and search for causes conducted in Los Angeles after the Watts riots, there has been a solid reluctance to admit that the local events foretell changes for the Negro in America. The attempt to explain that violence entirely in terms of local conditions not only ignores changes within the national Negro community but actually obstructs a real understanding of those changes.

The Watts riots represent a marked and obvious shift in attitude among Negroes in Los Angeles. And, given the recent history of the Negro, it follows that from Los Angeles there stem national implications. Thus, it becomes immaterial whether Watts is or is not a "slum area"; whether criminal elements were or were not responsible for the rioting; or whether police brutality did or did not occur. The important thing is how Negroes are beginning to regard what they at least see as facts, and this new attitude is by no means confined to Los Angeles.

The change is based on shifts in the Negro's overall power position. From the expanded use of the vote has come political power. The Negro has made his purchasing power felt in certain locales, and his consumption pattern has affected the national market in some key commodities. And the unrelenting civil rights movement has brought domestic advances in the Negro's broad social position, in addition to moral advantages acquired through a sympathetic world opinion. As a result, he is learning about the rewards of bargaining in the American way of life.

But the favorable shifts in the Negro's position have given him only a taste of the tangy flavor of power. Wielding its weapons—the vote, boycotts, nonviolent demonstrations—he glimpses an even larger arsenal of possible weapons. These alternative weapons and strategies increase his bargaining position. If he can make violence work as an alternative to peaceful demonstration, he seems willing to try it. The Northern parallel of the "Negroes with guns" experiment in North Carolina, Louisiana and Mississippi showed itself in Watts last August. Where peaceful weapons do not operate, violence is an alternative. And, though this may come as a surprise to a public almost surfeited with reports of victory in the war for civil rights, the peaceful weapons were doing little for Watts.

I came home to Watts, after two years abroad, a week before the riots began. During the years away I had read much about the quickening pace of the civil rights movement, and upon my return I was eager to see what changes had been made. I was soon let down. The dismal sameness of the neighborhood disturbed me most. Watts had not a new building. The community issues, which were old two years ago, were now traditional. Police brutality was still alleged by a persistent few and just as emphatically denied by an official few.

On first appearance it seemed not only that Watts had been spectator to whatever impact the civil rights movement was making on the Negro community but also that it did not in the slightest share the dazzling growth of the Los Angeles area. Watts seemed passive, neither swinging with the new progressive ethos of the civil rights movement nor enriching itself by way of the Southern California bonanza.

It was, I thought, the same Watts I had known as a boy. To grow up in Watts then was to have no especial pride in the community. It was a physical locale and a habit of thought that one was expected to outgrow. Local heroes moved away, went to the "westside," and seldom were heard from again. When I graduated from high school and was preparing to leave for college, my advisers told me that, if people

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asked where I was from, I should say "south Los Angeles," not Watts. Anyone aspiring to success in the outside world was expected to dissociate himself from Watts. Nothing good was ever known of Watts; it was in the news only as the scene of a knifing or shooting. And in Watts no boyhood dream was complete unless it included some kind of deliverance from the burdensome stigma.

The important differences between that old Watts and the Watts of today began to emerge for me during a conversation before the riots with a high school classmate who had preceded me to college. We had always thought alike, but now, after the intervening years, we seemed separated by our different experiences. He talked about conditions in the city for "Afro-Americans," as he called Negroes, and said that he thought there were "more important things than a home and fine car." He was concerned that I should always remember my beginnings in Watts and reminded me of his own experiences after college. (Though a successful student, he was never hired in the field of his academic specialty. Disappointed, he joined the army, and there suffered an injury that has left him slightly crippled. Soon after the injury he was discharged and later he married. He is still jobless.) The ordeal has left him embittered. At one time active in the civil rights movement, he now pays it little attention. Most of his friendly relations with white civil rights workers have been severed. He is indifferent to "integration," yet matters having to do with race interest him now even more than they did two years ago. What now concerns him is the self-sufficiency of the Negro community. After the riots he called to express his satisfaction, but regretted that the riots had "stopped too short."

The true history of Watts is the evolution of a Negro community, and it thus makes better sense to discuss the Los Angeles riots within the context of the Negro in America than as a part of the civil rights movement. For Watts, like the larger community, may be affected by the movement, but it is nevertheless an entity apart from the movement. It has absorbed some of the achievements of the drive for civil rights and repelled others.

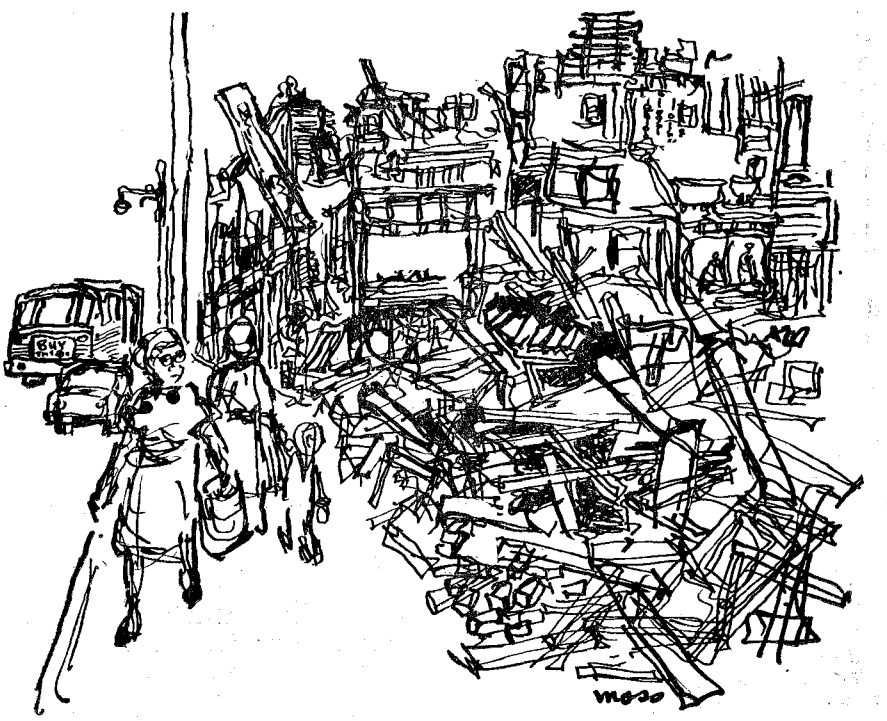
Discarding the civil rights framework in order to explain the riots may appear ironic, but in fact the separation between the Negro community and the civil rights movement is easily discernible. The real irony of the situation is that the successes of the movement are often mistakenly seen as satisfying some condition of the Negro community. When, to the dismay of many, the recent riots followed on the heels of the passage of the Voting Rights Act, the comment frequently made was "you give these people this great piece of legislation and what do they do; they go out and riot. It doesn't make good sense." But the civil rights movement and the Voting Rights Act are one thing, the Negro community and the riots are quite another. Hence, the riots cannot be discussed in terms of the old language. "The Cause," "advances," "setbacks" cannot explain the changes.

The riots introduced a new language. It is hardly intelligible to anyone outside the Negro community. Some evidences of the vocabulary of the new language can be gleaned from the tone of current Negro literature. *The Fire Next Time*, *Negroes With Guns* are recent titles that have meaning in the new context. The language is bitter and it smacks of desperate conduct and action. Yet, even worse, the nation's ear is not trained to recognize it.

For the first time Los Angeles heard from a little-known black man; a kind of gnome he was, a recluse in Watts; a Negro *qua* Negro, silent, invisible and until now always passive. Most of the time he has been the object of somebody else's action, relentlessly acted upon. When he met whites they were usually in a uniform—that of a policeman or a businessman—signifying some role antagonistic to the community.

It was no accident that the riots chose the police and the merchants as their targets. Initially, it was an incident with policemen that provoked the riots, but the policeman's presence is always at issue. He comes to the Negro community to impose a legal order so incompatible with its style of life and patterns of conduct as to make it seem that he is imposing an alien civil code. The charge often made that protests against police brutality are just a convenient cover up for a prevailing civic irresponsibility ignores the fact that the law and its agents reflect the dominant American mode of life, and that the Negro as a community is excluded from fully participating in that dominant mode. So the law that appears to be a form of order for the largest sectors of the population is in fact an inconvenience and a burden when applied to Negroes.

Unlike the policeman, whose presence is constant, the merchant confines his activities in Watts to



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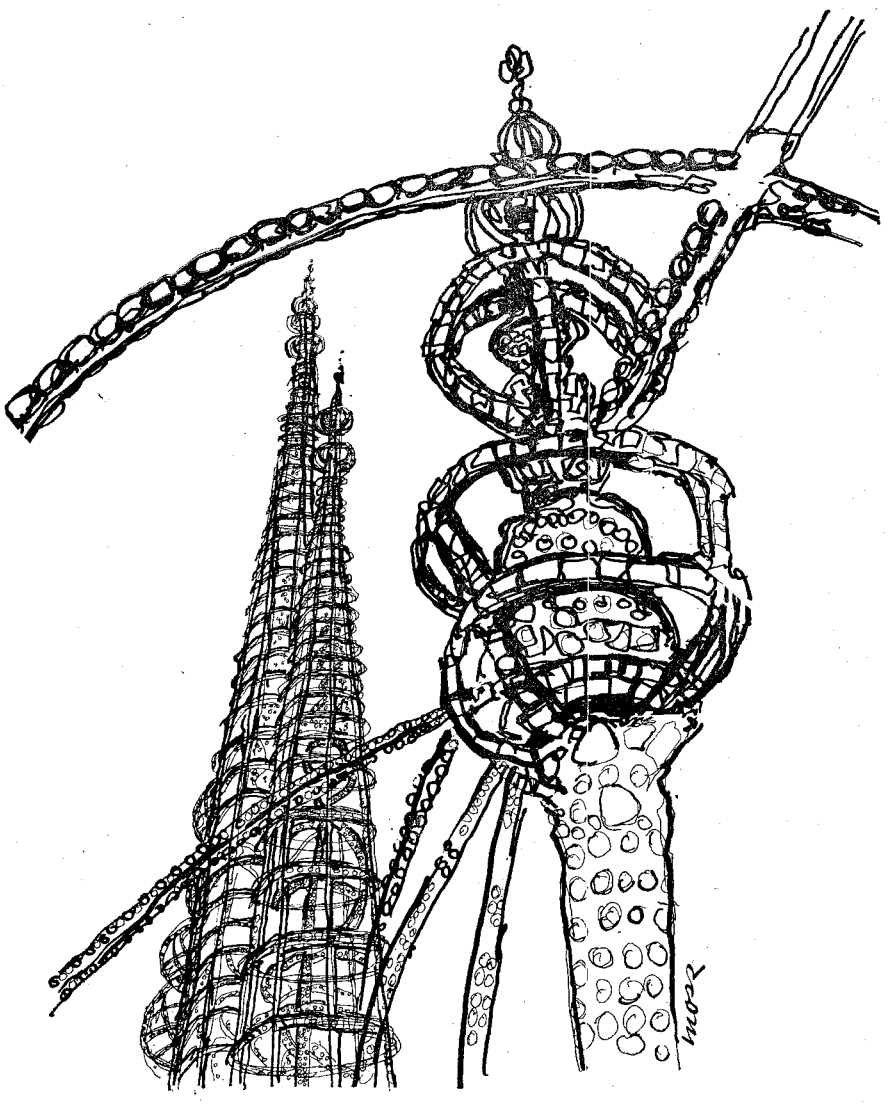
business hours. The merchant was damned not so much for his unethical dealings—to be sure, the merchants are no more unethical in Watts than they are anywhere else—but, ironically enough, for his strict application of the American business ethic to Watts in particular. Watts has been made an exception to the rules of the larger community, but few allowances for the difference are ever made with respect to business. It is hardly recognized that business practices appropriate to Wilshire, Beverley Hills and other sections of Los Angeles are in nowise suitable to Watts. The merchant righteously tells his customer in Watts that his treatment is no different from the treatment of customers at the store across town. The fallacy in this pitch to the Negro customer is so obvious that it rarely goes unnoticed. If the merchant is to do business in Watts, the terms of his relationship with the customer must be keyed to the individual pocketbooks of the local citizens. Examples abound in Watts of goods being reclaimed and payroll checks being attached after a customer has failed on a single monthly payment. Negroes recognize the subtle, alternating pattern of partiality with impartiality and they talk about it.



The Watts riots were an assertion in still another direction. In addition to expelling the white presence, they created and exposed new reactions of the Negro to himself. The traditional roles were switched. The Negro was in the active role for the first time, doing the chasing and wreaking the havoc. To a people who have always been acted upon, rarely doing anything for itself or to communities outside, the riots were a bold departure from a long tradition of inertia. Admittedly, the fact that the activity was destructive is not irrelevant, but it is less important than the fact that rioting is for the Negro in Watts a form of expression. No one understands his problem or bothers to care. Few of his local leaders have the imagination or vision to articulate his special feelings to the outside world. Besides, it is the kind of story most Americans will protest that they would rather not hear. There, in Watts, the Negro is trapped and without a means of expressing himself or of making himself understood to the environment that surrounds him. Because of the inadequacy of the avenues open to him he resorts in desperation to rioting.

What seemed like a sudden reaction to his plight had in fact been developing in the Negro all along. It was sudden only in its manifestation. By his relegation to Watts, the Negro is forced to be conscious of the differences that place him there. The isolation serves to accentuate his awareness of his homogeneity. And it follows from this that the Negro resolves most of the differences that relegate and isolate him into one unique difference—that of race. To this race consciousness the Negro attaches many things—the sum of his reactions to this world we all live in, and to himself as the world about us changes. To be sure, the reactions he derives from this race consciousness are not consistently rational. But then, what human reactions *are* consistently rational? To be a Negro and aware of it serves as an organizing mechanism that simplifies many things for him, explains why certain other things happen just to him and no one else, and gives to him a justification not only for reacting differently but for *acting* differently as well.

The importance of the Los Angeles riots lies in the fact that it was the first time in Watts that race consciousness has been a basis for *acting*. Previously, the consciousness had been present, but always passive. It was a basis solely for understanding what was done to the Negro on racial grounds. What minuscule action race consciousness did take, as in organizations that adhered to racist doctrines, was more important as reaction to the black man's special predicament. On most busy street corners in the neighborhood one could buy a paper and read about the Negro's new and growing awareness of himself. But for the most

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part it was confined to newsprint and the Muslim temple.

That it has now exploded in racial violence only reinforces and heightens the race consciousness. The attempt to dispel it comes too late. While the rioting lasted, it divided the city into two very obvious camps, but the intense race consciousness that was manifested during the riots has not been erased now that the riots have ended. It lives on in internalized forms, in new images and new possibilities.

There is a tragedy in the new prospect. It is sure to make future relations between the Negro community and the city somewhat strained at a time when both communities could profit by increased understanding of each other. The distance that separated whites from Negroes before the riots is even greater today. The very understanding the Negro solicits by rioting is barred by the effects of that rioting. In an attempt to explode myths he has only magnified them. By resorting to violence, that traditional mode of human expression, he has made future expression and communication more difficult.

The problem of communication is not new. Indeed the aftermath of the rioting showed how vast the communication gap has always been. For one thing, the news media lacked proper resources. One of the major metropolitan dailies had to hire its Negro advertising agent to cover the area because it had no Negroes on the reporting staff. A national magazine with offices in Los Angeles nevertheless had no coverage for two full days because there was no one in the local office who could enter the riot area. Also, the news media were wholly without the experience to deal with the Negro population. After the riots had ended, Watts was practically overrun by press, TV and radio in search of the facts. But these media could find no reliable sources of information. It was apparent that most of the reporters were going about the task of covering the riot area in total darkness.

The lack of facilities and techniques for communication may have added to the difficulties. Many of the published facts about the riots were not even approximately true. Most outsiders simply could not distinguish between forms. The lack of experience with Watts led to gross generalizing. For example, most officials outside concluded that there was "no leadership in Watts," and this may be sufficient as far as the outside community is concerned. But they fail to realize that the citizenry of Watts is not a flock. Watts, too, is a community and therefore its leadership takes a variety of forms. There are political leaders, business leaders, religious leaders, et al. Whereas in the larger community the leadership resides most often in business executives and professionals, the same kind of leadership in Watts falls to the barber, the auto mechanic, the bartender. It is not so much that leadership does not exist but that the indigenous leadership takes forms which are largely unintelligible to those unfamiliar with the community pattern. The same social factors that make the law seem alien and the business practices unfair can account for the outsider's failure to discover "leadership in Watts." The problem in communication now is not so much a lack of interest in obtaining information; it is rather one of dealing skillfully with an unfamiliar community.

Unfamiliarity with Negroes exists on a popular level as well as among public officials. Indeed, the popular ignorance is more frightening. (A former roommate in college lived only 5 miles from Watts but had never been there.) And the unfamiliarity with Negroes is national. It is due partly to lack of opportunity to learn, partly to fear, partly to a long history of misconceptions about the Negro.

Riots in Los Angeles and the threat of riots elsewhere should serve to remind the nation of the Negro's growing restlessness. The sad facts of the Los Angeles story indicate that violence can easily occur in all the big cities of the North. And the problems are exceedingly difficult. For it is impossible to deal with the Negro as though he were something other than himself. To expect the Negro to become white in his thinking is to expect too much. Understanding can proceed only if there is a firm recognition of genuine differences. A failure to recognize the differences and to understand what they mean to the Negro will inevitably lead to more riots.

Who Cares About Cyprus? . . .

Constantine Poulos

Nicosia, Cyprus

The Cyprus "problem" was not just washed up on the shores of this island, full grown like Aphrodite. The problem was created; manufactured. In his report of last March 26 to the Security Council, Mr. Galo Plaza, the United Nations mediator, wrote: "The interests of these external parties (United Kingdom, Greece and Turkey) brought to the Cyprus question a complexity of issues going beyond any immediate question of the well-being of the Cypriot people."

Who, then, cares about the "well-being of the Cypriot people"?

It might be said that President Johnson does. Twice last year he effectively blocked imminent invasions of Cyprus by Turkey. The President was concerned lest two NATO partners get into a nasty scrap (with NATO materiel); in addition, the British asked us to step in.

Perhaps the Russians care. They've provided the Greek Cypriots with obsolete but worthy tanks and small arms (from Czechoslovakia, via Cairo). But the Kremlin is really much more interested in eliminating the big British bases on Cyprus. And current Soviet flirtation with Turkey (a vastly more attractive prize) suggests little concern about the people of Cyprus.

And Nasser? He remembers those British bases as staging points for the ill-fated Anglo-French attack on

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Suez, and he'll do anything to annoy, harass and compromise British influence in this part of the world. So his meddling in Cyprus (he still helps finance the noisiest Greek daily newspaper there) has little to do with the well-being of the people of Cyprus.

Great Britain? It retains sovereignty over the areas maintained as military bases—those enclaves being in fact excluded from the territory of the Republic of Cyprus. It would have Cyprus NATO-ized only as a last resort. (The British bases are, it should be said, an important source of revenue for the government of Cyprus.)

Greece has legitimate emotional ties with Cyprus, but it also has decrepit, blind, frustrated, expansionist aims that are inextricably involved with its miserable domestic (Greek mainland) politics. These prevent any clear or consistent thinking on "the question"; and Greek politicians are at bottom less concerned with the well-being of the Greek Cypriots than with gaining more real estate.

Turkey (its population recently announced at more than 33 million) hypocritically proclaims an interest, but its "interest" is not in the less than 105,000 Turkish Cypriots. It, like Greece, exploits an emotional issue for internal political advantage. Its "fears" of Greece are ridiculous and of Cyprus ludicrous.

Perhaps it is naive in this age to expect genuine interest in the well-being of a mere half-million people, but Cyprus offers a timely model of insurgent nationalism, defiant colonialism, big-power selfishness, the ideological bankruptcy of cold-war partners and satraps, and retrograde late-19th-century diplomacy. (On the positive side it offers further proof of the great value of the United Nations.)

Twenty years ago Cyprus was a beautifully quiet, peaceful island. Its people, spared in both World Wars and insulated from mainstream postwar passions, were considerate, contented, warm, hospitable and, above all, peace loving. Their standard of living was certainly higher than that of their compatriots on either the Greek or Turkish mainlands. Illiteracy was comparatively low, working conditions were good, justice was more even-handed than in any other area of the Levant and the Cypriots were members of the British Empire.

But that was before the new winds of nationalism blew in this direction. It was before the royalist irridentists of Athens, using the classical excuse for expansionism ("Magna Grecia") as a cover up for their dismal failures in domestic affairs, started sneaking arms and men into Cyprus, and stirring Greek emotions on the mainland with irresponsible, hysterical propaganda for "the liberation" of Cyprus from the British. It was before Turkey suddenly became an ally of the West, a NATO partner, a CENTO member and a U.S. land-based aircraft carrier. And it was before Suez. The gods did not grant that Cyprus should remain an idyllic, happily unimportant island.

For example, the question of Red China's admission to the United Nations affected Cyprus. In 1954, Archbishop Makarios, then the leader of the Cypriot Greek community, persuaded the Greek Government to press the UN for a consideration of self-determination for the island. The British, obdurately opposed to any proposals of that nature, bargained with John Foster Dulles and, in return for rejection by the United States of the Cypriot plea, supported the continued blackballing of Peking.

Thus began in Cyprus on April 1, 1955, an underground struggle led by Col. George Grivas (underground name: Dighenis Akritas) and financed by Greece. It led to the unfortunately familiar cycle of terrorism and repression, more terrorism and more repression. Cyprus had been a useful though limited British wartime base, and a convenient detention camp for "illegal" immigrants to Palestine. Later, however, it became a strategic cold-war base. British installations in Cyprus do serve to bolster the Central Treaty Organization alliance and provide a promise of aid to Turkey, Iran and Pakistan in the event of Soviet aggression. The island is today the only solid British outpost in the eastern Mediterranean.

In the latter half of the 1950s, the British, disturbed (after Suez) by the diminution of their influence in this part of the world, regretfully decided to apply imperialistic approaches to the rise of Greek nationalism in Cyprus. No reasonable effort was ever made to understand, or accommodate, the aspirations of the Greek majority on the island. On the contrary, the Turkish minority (18 per cent) was incited into an illogical, and at times violent resistance to Greek demands.

When forced to withdraw, the British predicted chaos and bloodshed. Indeed, they insured it by the disastrously unworkable Zurich-London agreements of 1960, which were framed by the British, gladly accepted by the Turkish Government, and forced on the Greek Cypriots by the Athens government (on whom, in turn, pressure was put by the U.S. State Department). So there has been bloodshed and some chaos in Cyprus, because as *The Economist* of London (April 1, 1964) wrote ". . . this most bizarre and complicated of constitutions . . ." was imposed on the people of Cyprus by outsiders who were largely concerned with their own interests.

Cyprus was "granted" its independence, but its government was shackled. How could understanding and good will prevail if those virtues were almost intentionally absent from the agreements themselves? How could the wishes, desires and hopes of the Cypriots (Greek and Turkish) be fulfilled if the agreements represented, simply and baldly, the formalized extension of the self-centered policies of London, Ankara and Athens? In fact, the agreements seem to have been deliberately designed to deepen the division between the two communities of the island.

The population of Cyprus was considered as constituting two entities, Greek and Turkish, which in spite of their numerical disparity were placed on an equal level as far as the exercise of political power was concerned. The Turkish minority was given such extensive rights as to be in a position to paralyze the state, to thwart the will of the majority, and to block the progress of a young, new state. The predominantly Greek population (four to one) was, in effect, under a continuously threatening cloud of political blackmail. (This includes the Turkish Government's incessant threats of invasion.) The ensuing dualism made majority rule impossible and official administration unworkable. The minority could and did—under the agreements—effec-

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tively block and frustrate the majority.

On November 30, 1963, Archbishop Makarios, President of Cyprus, proposed a number of changes, ably argued. It was a calm plea for majority rule with adequate minority safeguards. To quote again from the report of Mr. Plaza:

> *Several of the most important amendments proposed by the President reflected deadlocks which had actually occurred in the functioning of the Constitution. For example, in proposing that the right of veto of the President and the Vice President should be abolished, he referred to the fact that the latter had vetoed a majority decision of the Council of Ministers that the organizational structure of the Cyprus army should be based on mixed units comprising both Greek-Cypriots and Turkish-Cypriots, since the Vice President had favored separate units. Again, in proposing that the constitutional provisions requiring separate majorities for the enactment of certain laws by the House of Representatives should be abolished, the President cited the failure of the House to enact an income tax law. Similarly, he proposed that unified municipalities should be established on the grounds that the constitutional provision for separate communal municipalities in the five main towns had proved unworkable, one reason being the failure of the President and Vice President to reach agreement on the determination of the boundaries.*

It can be argued that the Archbishop knew what the consequences would be. But, to give the prelate his due, he certainly would have preferred that the Turkish minority willingly accept the changes, discuss them or at least propose alternatives. The proposals would have required, of course, the approval of the Turkish minority and the three signatory "powers," Great Britain, Greece and Turkey. As it was, the Turks answered with gunfire within three weeks after Archbishop Makarios announced his proposed changes.

The Turkish Cypriots took the Archbishop's proposals as a declaration of war. Some Greek Cypriots may have expected this reaction, but the Turks moved faster and in a way that the Greeks had not expected. The Archbishop's timetable was thrown off. Full-scale fighting broke out on Christmas Day, 1963.

Recourse to the UN was a bold maneuver on the part of the Cypriot President, who had literally been bullied by the British not to do so. British Acting High Commissioner Cyril Pickard misplayed his hand completely.

"We told the Archbishop," said the desk-banging Britisher, "...there will be a NATO force on the island. . . . This is not a matter for the United Nations. . . . The Treaty of Guarantee cannot be abrogated unilaterally. . . ."

Faced with the situation they had created, the British suddenly preferred to make it a NATO issue. Thus, they would retain their primacy, hold the Greek and Turkish Governments at bay through the alliance, placate U.S. public opinion, and keep the meddling Soviets and the grinning Nasser out of the picture. It didn't work out that way. The British were wrong, and almost nothing happened as they had hoped.

It was the British who built up Grivas, the man who was to haunt them. He was an absolute nonentity until the British in 1944 started secretly to supply him with arms to fight the leftish-led anti-Nazi resistance movement in Athens. (And having fallen for this malarkey, the CIA proceeded—twenty years later—to do the same thing. The United States sent Grivas back to Cyprus as insurance against "communism." Today in Cyprus he commands no respect, no honor and no authority.)

Britain's answer to the nationalist aspirations of the Greek Cypriots was the promulgation of "anti-sedition" laws, the declaration of a state of emergency, the dispatch of special commissions to "find solutions," the drafting of "new" constitutions (totally unacceptable to the Greek Cypriots), the incitement of the Turkish minority, the establishment of large prisoner camps, the handing over of unarmed Greeks to the Turks, the "dead-or-alive" rewards for Greek Cypriot guerrilla fighters, the deportation of Archbishop Makarios, another Greek bishop and two other Greek Cypriots to the Seychelles Islands, and on and on. Even today the British, faced with a possible loss of their unilateral preferred position (although Cyprus is a member of the Commonwealth), are reacting with a posture of feigned benignity that belies their true actions.

The vice commander of the UN peace forces (UNFICYP) is a British general. Almost the entire UN liaison staff was made up originally of British intelligence officers. UNFICYP communications have been almost entirely in the hands of the British. There is a plausible explanation: the British "know" the island, they have an excellent ready-made communications system, and who else but the British forces could quickly produce officers who spoke both Greek and Turkish?

But how to explain the case of a British airman (in civilian clothes) and his wife who were arrested for transporting arms and messages to the Turks in Nicosia? (Great Britain is the only national contingent in UNFICYP which has a distinct "interest" in Cyprus.)

The spurious justification for British policy on Cyprus has long been based on the allegation that self-determination for the island will be the prelude to Communist takeover. This argument is quickly parroted by the U.S. State Department. A *New York Times* dispatch from Washington (June 17, 1964, International Edition) based on an official background briefing, spoke of the "mounting concern in the [U.S.] administration over the Cyprus problem, both in terms of a threatened Greek-Turkish war and of the danger of the communization of the island."

In point of fact, there were more Communists on Cyprus when it was under British suzerainty than there are now. One abortive effort by the British to placate the restive nationalism of the Greek Cypriots in the late forties was the offer of "semi-self-government" and the appointment of a Committee of Arbitration. With the exception of two or three individuals, the only Greek Cypriots who supported and participated in this endeavor were the Communists.

The Communists have some influence on the island, for although a tiny minority they are a well-organized political force. But there wasn't one known Communist in EOKA, the Greek Cypriot resistance movement. And President Makarios holds such a pre-eminent popular position that he has effectively neutralized the Communists and can continue to do so.

The "Communist" issue is as phony as all the other issues from

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all the other sources (Greece, Turkey, U.S., Soviet Union, U.A.R.) have been for decades. "Enosis" (the union of Cyprus with Greece) is another phony issue. It's an old bugaboo used by the English to stir up Turkish reaction and to preserve British primacy. The Turks cite it to justify such actions as their cruel bombing attack of defenseless, unarmed Greek villagers in August, 1964. The Athens Greeks must shout for it to bolster their weak political positions in Greece. (The Athens government subsidizes a daily newspaper in Nicosia.) But most Cypriot Greeks today want to be on their own. They are fed up with maneuvering; with "being used." Their small country is now an independent republic and a member of the United Nations. That is how they would like to keep it.

What the Cypriots want and should have is self-determination. The British Government adamantly supported a "one-man, one-vote" platform in Rhodesia—but it stoutly opposes the application of this exact formula to Cyprus. The right of majority rule in Rhodesia apparently is not quite the same as majority rule in Cyprus. (What's wrong with sanctions threats to both the Ankara and Athens governments?)

So it is up to the United Nations. If, over the objections and obstructions of the U.S., the U.K., Turkey and possibly Greece, the United Nations would eventually vote for a supervised plebiscite on self-determination with specific, sensible human-rights guarantees, peace could be restored to Cyprus.

Snoopers & Tappers

Law-Enforcement Underground . . . Fred J. Cook

In the office of Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., chief counsel for Sen. Edward V. Long's investigation into the invasion of privacy, there hangs a framed placard that was discovered by committee field men in the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New Jersey. On the left-hand side of this expressive poster there is the large replica of a telephone with dangling receiver (it has obviously just been lifted off the hook), and alongside runs this large-type injunction:

"Remember . . .
NO CLASSIFIED CONVERSATIONS."

When Bell Telephone finds it necessary to advise its employees to beware of its own most hallowed device, Big Brother has indeed moved into our lives. Just how various and unprincipled is that invasion Senator Long's investigation is steadily documenting. It is uncovering a world dedicated to the proposition that power provides its own justification.

Devotion to the theology of power is producing many weird manifestations. Fensterwald and Senator Long were shocked when the Secretary of the Treasury refused to let them question certain Internal Revenue agents. For the first time in history, as far as Fensterwald could determine, it became necessary for a Congressional committee to subpoena federal agents to get them to testify — and even then testimony at times flew in the face of truth. Almost every phase of the investigation has been marked by the obvious determination of government employees on the witness stand to uphold departmental policy and deeds at any cost. "The thing that has impressed me most," says Fensterwald, "is the ease with which federal agents can lie under oath."

The imperviousness of agents to any consideration except the demands made upon them by their bureaucratic superiors runs like a police-state theme song through the testimony of witness after witness. Senator Long points out that many revenue agents got permission, and sometimes the help of specialists, to install wire taps on the phones of suspects from the office of the deputy chief of Intelligence in the Internal Revenue Service.

Yet the deputy chief's records gave no indication of such activity. Asked why, the deputy chief replied, "if I had kept a record for any of my superiors, if I had asked them, they would have said, 'You know the regulations, *anybody who does this is on his own.*'" The deputy chief explained that his superiors knew the wire tapping was going on, that they even discussed it from time to time, "particularly when we got caught." Describing this testimony in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Senator Long commented: "What a remarkable code of conduct for 'devoted and courageous' law-enforcement officers *—go ahead and break the law, but don't get caught!*"

The police-state mentality that infects so many federal agents showed perhaps most clearly in the committee's Miami hearings. Questioning an IRS agent, Senator Long asked whether he would break a state law if ordered to do so by his superiors. Without hesitation, the agent answered,"Yes, sir." Didn't he realize, Long wanted to know, that the essence of a police state was for an officer to violate the law on the pretext of enforcing it? "That may be the basis of a police state; I do not know," the agent answered—and it was obvious to Senator Long that he didn't care. All that mattered was that his orders should be carried out.

This "super gung-ho attitude," as Fensterwald calls it, produces results with shocking overtones. In one Boston case, Jack Harris, an Internal Revenue Service undercover man, was indicted in a $1,500 bribery case and suspended. Enraged by what he claimed was a frame-up, he came to the committee and spilled a lot of details about investigations carried out by the Boston IRS office. His principal tale dealt with surveillance of one Bernard McGarry, a Milton, Mass., tavern owner.

As Harris later testified before the committee, McGarry had a hostile neighbor who made his barn available to the revenue sleuths. The agents set up a lookout station in the barn loft, and with snooper-

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scopes and other long-range devices kept the McGarry home under constant observation. According to Harris, they even watched Mrs. McGarry as she took a sun bath. The IRS agents had learned that the McGarrys had a large vault in the basement; and when they saw from the barn loft that the whole family was absent, Harris entered the house and padded downstairs to the vault.

Instead of a cache of illicit loot which the revenue boys had hoped to find, Harris discovered that the vault was unlocked and was being used for nothing more nefarious than the storage of the family's coats and fur pieces. He dutifully copied down the names of the clothiers and furriers on the labels and left the premises little wiser than he came.

He had, of course, fractured the law by this unauthorized entry into what is supposed to be a man's castle, and his account of the exploit threw IRS into a tizzy. Harris' boss at the time, Robert Ferrick, acknowledged that the McGarry home had been kept under observation from the barn loft—but only, he insisted, to read the license numbers of cars coming to the house, not to observe a lady sun-bathing. There had never, never been such an episode as the illegal entry and snooping Harris had described.

This was a head-on collision of testimony, and the committee never could determine the truth though there were some indications as to where it might lie. "There was one part of the undercover man's story that seemed to check out," Fensterwald says. "We learned that IRS had contacted the furriers and clothiers whose names appeared on the labels in an attempt to find out how much the McGarry family spent for clothing. And then there was one other thing. . . ." To wit:

Harris, in his testimony, had told the committee that, when he entered the McGarry home, another IRS agent had been stationed outside, patrolling the street in a radio car and keeping in constant two-way contact to guard against a surprise return home by the family. Fensterwald promptly demanded that the IRS produce this witness, John Crowe. The next day, the service complied, but Fensterwald was shocked by the appearance of the man when he was summoned to the stand.

"His face was flushed as if the blood was about to pop through the skin," Fensterwald recalls. "And as he testified, his head kept lolling back as if he was about to pass out on the witness stand. I made up my mind to get him off the stand as quickly as possible and so I asked him only the most essential questions."

Under these circumstances, Crowe promptly upheld his supervisor, Ferrick. Harris had been wrong, he said. No revenue agent had ever entered the McGarry home. Fensterwald was about to excuse this obviously ill witness when he received an anonymous note from the audience: "Ask him if he's under house arrest."

Fensterwald shakes his head at the recollection. "Well, one thing I've learned in this investigation," he says, "is not to disregard such tips—too many of them have panned out." So he turned back to the witness stand and demanded: "Are you under house arrest?" Crowe sat there silent, obviously stunned by the question.

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"He was mute for a good half-minute," Fensterwald recalls, "then he shook his head and muttered weakly, 'No, I wouldn't say so.' His manner clearly swore at the answer he gave and convinced me that he *was* under house arrest."

Not daring to cross-examine Crowe the way be would a healthy witness, Fensterwald excused him, but he determined to delve into this new aspect of the case. "We learned," he says, "that this man had been flown down to Washington under guard; he had been kept under guard in his hotel room; he had been conducted to the hearing under guard by a man who denied he was armed, but who exhibited a mighty suspicious bulge under his jacket."

After the hearing, Crowe tried on a couple of occasions to approach some of Fensterwald's investigators. "But he could never get the chance," Fensterwald says. "Every time he approached one of our people, the guard came up and broke it off."

Fensterwald protested to IRS about forcing a man so obviously ill to take the witness stand; he made it clear he wouldn't have called Crowe if he had known about his precarious physical condition. Oh, think nothing of it, IRS replied; Crowe wasn't seriously ill, he just had a little upset stomach. A few weeks later, Crowe died of a heart attack.

Everywhere Senator Long's committee has turned, it has come across the dinosaur tracks of Big Brother. Invasions of privacy, it has established, are legion and permit the average American almost no security of thought or communication. But to get the truth about such snooping and prying has often proved infinitely difficult. Take, for example, the behavior of the Post Office Department.

The committee was greatly interested in the process known as the "mail cover." Under the buddy-buddy system that exists among federal agencies, the Federal Bureau of Investigation or the Internal Revenue or any one of a half dozen other bureaus may ask the Post Office to keep watch on the mail of a suspect or of his family and associates, and the request will be honored on the supposition that the purpose, considering the source, must be valid. In theory, the Post Office keeps a record only of what appears on the *outside* of letters—details like the names and addresses of correspondents and the origin of the mail. Fugitives from justice are sometimes tracked in this way when they try to get in touch with relatives, and in such cases legitimate ends may be served. But even then, according to stated policy, the contents of the envelope are kept inviolate.

This picture of a scrupulous department zealously guarding our rights while it indulges in only the most necessary snooping against persons involved in actual crimes was fed to the committee on February 23, 1965, the day after George Washington's birthday, by Chief Postal Inspector Henry B. Montague. "The seal on a first-class piece of mail is sacred," Montague intoned in a carefully prepared statement. "When a person puts first-class postage on a piece of mail and seals it, he can be sure that the contents of that piece of mail are secure against illegal search and seizure. The only time first-class mail may be opened *in the postal service* is when it can neither be delivered as addressed nor returned to sender. Then, it is treated by trusted employees in the dead-letter office to determine whether it contains any information to establish ownership. . . . *Mail is neither delayed nor opened.* . . . Citizens must have confidence in their mail system or they lose it in other governmental institutions." (Italics added.)

Montague acknowledged that the postal form on which the details of the mail cover were recorded was to be destroyed after the deed was done, but he saw nothing wrong in that. Surveillance is a very secretive business, and you just naturally don't leave anything lying around that might indicate to the object of your attention that he has been watched. Fensterwald noted that the form also contained space for recording detail on second-, third- and fourth-class mail, all types that can be appropriately opened for postal inspection, and wondered if perhaps inspectors ever pried into such envelopes.

FENSTERWALD: *In the case of a mail cover do you ever examine mail which you legally have the right to examine?*

MONTAGUE: *No.*

FENSTERWALD: *You have every right to open second-, third- or fourth-class mail, don't you?*

MONTAGUE: *That is for postal inspection, yes.*

FENSTERWALD: *And never, in connection with a mail cover, do you open such mail?*

MONTAGUE: *Not in connection with a mail cover, no.*

The committee was suspicious, but on March 1, Postmaster General John A. Gronouski wrote Senator Long explicitly: "The mail is neither delayed nor opened, and the contents of first-class mail are *not* examined in connection with a mail cover." The Postmaster General italicized that "not."

By April 13, these positive and explicit assurances from the highest Post Office officials had acquired a decidedly tarnished look. On that date, Rep. Durward G. Hall, of Missouri, appeared before the committee and testified that first-class mail was indeed being opened. He had received a complaint from a constituent, the Congressman said; and though he couldn't believe it, he knew the complainant as a responsible individual. So he checked with both the Post Office Department and Internal Revenue. He was assured at first, as the committee had been assured, that no such thing could ever happen. Pinning the departments down to the one specific case, the Congressman asked them to put their denials in writing—and suddenly he encountered a strange shyness toward the printed word. It developed that there was, indeed, a procedure by which the sanctity of first-class mail was being violated. In cases where Internal Revenue had secured tax liens against defaulting taxpayers, first-class mail was being delivered by the Post Office to IRS and was being opened by IRS agents to see whether it contained assets or clues to assets. Just how widespread was this practice? Representative Hall discovered that no one seemed really to know. He testified:

The Post Office Department advises me that since December of 1962 there have been fourteen such seizures. The Internal Revenue Commissioner, on the other hand, advised me on Friday of last week that there had been thirty seizures since December of 1962 as far as their national office knows. . . . Nor is this the only conflict. Once the hand is caught in the cookie jar, the contradictions multiply.

On Friday of last week, four days after I advised the House of what was happening and moved for cor-

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rective action on the annual appropriations bill, the Postmaster General is quoted as saying that he himself discovered the seizure of mail as long ago as last August, and he said he picked up the phone and agreed with Doug Dillon that it was a bad thing and we stopped it.

It is interesting to note that, first, the Postmaster General waited half a year to disclose this, and then only after someone else called attention to it.

But unexplained, and second, Mr. Chairman, is if the Postmaster General found out about this violation of the law as long ago as August of 1964, and ordered it stopped, how does it happen that the General Counsel advised me, in writing, that the last seizure, a specific instance, took place almost three months later on October 27, 1964?

And, one might feel impelled to ask, how did it happen that both Chief Inspector Montague and Postmaster General Gronouski were assuring Senator Long's committee, in the most explicit terms, in late February and early March, 1965, that first-class mail was always regarded as sacred and was *not* (the Postmaster General's italics) opened?

Chief Inspector Montague, who followed Representative Hall on the witness stand, had the unhappy task of trying to reconcile past pretenses with present disclosure. It went like this:

SENATOR LONG: *Let me ask you, Mr. Montague, you have known for some time, of course, that the Internal Revenue Service did levy on mail—first-class mail of the citizens were opened by people other than the addressee?*

MONTAGUE: *I know that there was such a thing—I was aware that there was such a thing as a levy on mail; yes, sir.*

SENATOR LONG: *How long have you been aware of that, Mr. Montague?*

MONTAGUE: *I think that I first became aware of it back in—I don't know, 1962 or 1963.*

SENATOR LONG: *Were you aware of that when you testified before our committee some weeks ago?*

MONTAGUE: It did not come to my mind, *but I did know there is such a thing as a mail levy, yes.* (Emphasis added.)

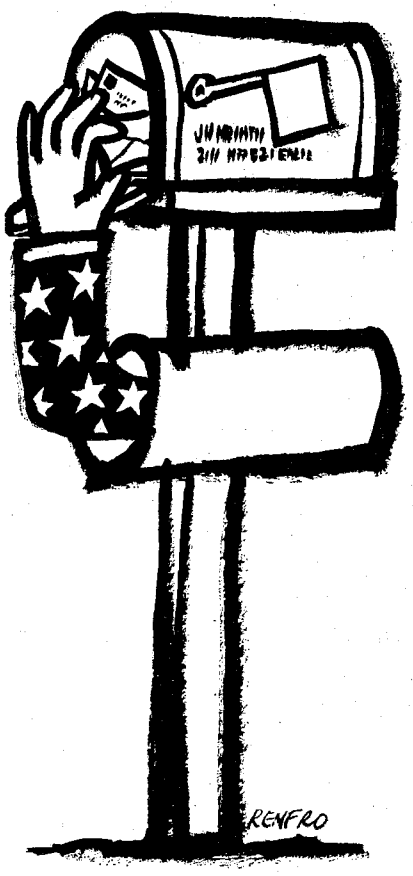
Montague conceded that the department knew of thirty-four cases in which mail had been opened and examined by Internal Revenue before being forwarded to the recipient, but he argued that "levies" were different from the "mail cover" he had been discussing in his previous testimony; that the Post Office's legal brains had assured him levies were legal, not illegal, and he had been dealing in his testimony only with "illegal" practices. Senator Long, exasperated by what he called this quibbling with terms when the truth had been one thing and the initial pretense virtually the opposite, finally snapped: "The further we get into this investigation, the more I am impressed with the idea that the Post Office should deliver the mail and not pry into it."

Hardly anyone believed that the full story had been told or that the only mail being opened was that "levied" upon by Internal Revenue. Fensterwald's investigators privately developed quite a dossier on things that can happen to the mail—and presumably do. Penetrating solutions can be rubbed on the back of envelope flaps to loosen the gum and enable a snooper to open a letter without trace. One of the best methods, Fensterwald says, is still the old one of steaming open the flap. Another simple way of spying is to immerse a letter in a solution of cleaning fluid. This brings up the contents, but one must be careful not to wiggle the letter around in the solution lest the envelope become softened and messed up. A much more sophisticated method borrows a device from the medical laboratory, the cystoscope. Insert one end of this pencil-thin instrument under the flap of a letter, switch on the cystoscope's powerful light, and you are examining in great detail not the human bladder but the contents of "sacred" first-class mail.

How widely are these methods used? That question the committee has not yet answered and perhaps can never answer. Representative Hall testified that he had some information that the Post Office Department was tampering with mail other than that "levied" upon by Internal Revenue, but he had not yet been able to verify his information.

Verification is, of course, extremely difficult. One may see, as I have, first-class mail arriving at his home mysteriously unsealed—and third- or fourth-class mail showing up with flaps ripped apart, sometimes so badly that it seems likely some of the contents have been lost — but how is one going to *prove* that this was done deliberately by the snooper's paw? All that can be said is that a lot of detectives and knowledgeable persons in other walks of life today distrust the mails — and the patent evasions of the highest officials of the Post Office Department before Senator Long's committee did nothing to bolster confidence.

It must not be supposed that such activities are confined to the Post Office and the Bureau of Internal Revenue. No one has yet



compiled a definitive list of all the federal agencies engaged in prying into the private affairs of citizens, but even the skimpiest survey shows that it must be an unholy lot. What the military and such super-secret outfits as the Central Intelligence Agency are up to, no one knows, for they are all wrapped in the cocoon of national security. A former military intelligence agent has recently revealed on nation-wide television that the hotel rooms of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt were bugged every time she visited Chicago during World War II.

Mrs. Roosevelt maintained contact with a lot of labor and liberal leaders—and that, apparently, was

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enough to justify to the military mind the incredible eavesdropping on the First Lady's slightest word and deed. The military at the time was intent on protecting the initial atomic bomb researches, and it tapped and bugged everything in sight—the hotel rooms of scientists, the laboratories in which they worked, even ladies' rooms and men's rooms. And this, remember, was back in the dark ages of technological eavesdropping.

The Long committee inquiry has established that even outfits like the Food and Drug Administration go in for electronic snooping. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, whose director, J. Edgar Hoover, has insisted for years that it taps only in national security cases and then only on instructions from the attorney general, was revealed to have been tapping all over Kansas City in its drive on gamblers. And even the U. S. Bureau of Roads, according to one of Fensterwald's investigators, has its own dedicated snoopers, men so expert electronically that they have been able for the past fifteen years to turn your home telephone into a gadget of snoopery.

"The mike in your telephone is one of the most delicate and perfectly engineered instruments in the world," says one of Fensterwald's investigators. "It makes a perfect listening device."

Emanuel Mittleman, a Brooklyn electronics expert who heads what he calls the Wireless Guitar Co., demonstrated for the committee how easily the home telephone can be turned into a bug that will transmit everything from the baby's squall to the small talk between his parents. A tiny device selling for $400 is attached inconspicuously to the subscriber's telephone equipment, either somewhere along the line between the phone and the box or inside the box itself. The gadget can be attached in a few swift minutes; and, once it is in place, the phone can be turned into a listening device from any place on the long-distance dialing system. As the eavesdropper dials the last number of the gimmicked phone, he blows a C-note from a harmonica over the line. This note keeps the phone from ringing and turns it into a bug that picks up every sound within its considerable hearing perimeter. The device that makes this kind of intrusion possible draws so little power from the telephone line that it is almost impossible to detect it by ordinary scanning procedures. It cuts out automatically the instant the phone is picked up for a normal call, so there is no suspicious interference on the line to make the telephone user wary. Only if an extremely suspicious man should minutely examine his own telephonic equipment could the transformation of telephone into bug be discovered.

Perhaps the most disturbing feature about all this surveillance is the fact that our privacy is in pawn to great-power complexes, none of whom defend our interests, all of whom play footsie with one another. Bell Telephone, for example, had more than commonly good reason to know, when it posted that admonition against telephone conversations in its New Jersey laboratories, that its own lines were extremely vulnerable; it had more than commonly good reason to know because Bell itself, in many instances, has willingly collaborated in breaching the security of its own system.

In Pittsburgh, Fensterwald discovered, the chief of intelligence for Internal Revenue had had special telephone lines run into his own home to facilitate his wire tapping. He had also purchased from obliging Bell one of its own telephone trucks, and had dressed his men up as telephone company employees to facilitate their entry into residences and businesses. Bell, it would seem, could hardly have remained in complete and innocent ignorance of this brazen setup.

In Kansas City, the collaboration of Bell was all-inclusive and undeniable. The Southwestern Bell Telephone Company had a standing arrangement with authority: any telephone that the chief of detectives or the FBI wanted tapped Southwestern Bell would help to tap. It would not actually install the tap itself, but it would show the tappers just where the "pairs" of the line they were interested in were located in a terminal box and it would run special lines to a pole in the vicinity, thus easing the burden of labor for the tappers.

Chief of Detectives James R. Newman testified that any time he wanted to tap a phone he made a request "to the security officer of the telephone company," and he always got the information and help he needed. Detective Lieutenant James B. Hitchcock, in charge of electronic activities in the Kansas City department, acknowledged that information obtained from such taps was freely exchanged among the law-enforcement fraternity. He wouldn't actually give the representative of another agency a tape, he said; but in a friendly chitchat over morning coffee, he might tell him what was on the tape. To maintain the façade of ethics, there would probably be nothing in the beneficiary agent's written report to indicate that he had obtained the detail from a tainted source. He would merely note that his inside information came from "a confidential informant."

Everything that Southwestern Bell would do for the Kansas City police, it would double in spades for the FBI. Despite J. Edgar Hoover's frequent and passionate assertions that the FBI does *not* wire tap except to save the nation, testimony in the Kansas City inquiry showed that special lines were constantly being run into FBI headquarters on the 7th floor of the Post Office Building, at 1425 Baltimore, to facilitate wire tapping of suspected gamblers on almost a city-wide scale. A number of Southwestern Bell employees testified about one striking incident in late 1961 or early 1962, when they attempted to erect a public phone booth on a sidewalk just to advance the cause of FBI bugging.

The plans called for the booth to be placed against the outside wall of a building at Ninth and Central. Once the booth had been installed, ostensibly for the public's convenience, FBI agents were to insert a pin-head listening device in the wiring of the connecting block of the telephone box. This device was so sensitive that it would have picked up and relayed every word said *inside* the building. Unfortunately for these plans, the proprietor became suspicious. He rushed out to the sidewalk and demanded to know whether the telephone workers had written permission from the owner of the building to install the booth; they didn't, and he chased them. Paul J. Schmitt, a Southwestern Bell supervisor, testified that such tap installations were always "ordered by the Federal Bureau of Investigation," and in the instance of the blown phone-booth

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caper, he declared, "I had the service order" to run a connecting line into Kansas City FBI headquarters.

With the sanctity of telephone lines being violated at the merest nod of an official head, the inevitable has happened: a general impression has been fostered that there isn't anything much wrong with the game and that everybody might as well get into it. Private detectives in Kansas City joined in the wire tapping free-for-all and quickly learned that they could get all the information they needed by bribing telephone company employees. George W. Robinson, one of the local private eyes, told the Long committee frankly that he had tapped telephone lines, and said that he always got the necessary information about the number of the "pairs" and the location of the terminal box from a confederate inside the company.

FENSTERWALD: *Did you have to pay for them?*

ROBINSON: *I have.*

FENSTERWALD: *Could you tell me what the going rate is?*

ROBINSON: *In the vicinity of between $50 and $100; it all depends on the man's attitude when you make the contact.*

When the rampant wire tapping of Kansas City became known, the man on the spot was the telephone official who had authorized so much of it. He was Arthur S. Brewster, a lawyer and the division security supervisor for Southwestern Bell (his primary responsibility, as he himself described it, was to make certain of the security of company property and service, including the privacy of customers). He testified, however, that he had worked hand in glove with the FBI "ever since I have been in this job." Senator Long wanted to know if tapping didn't raise "some question about the invasion of privacy and the violation of the constitutional rights of any citizen that any agent might point his finger at." "I would assume that question could be raised," Brewster replied, almost primly.

The telephone company's man said that any time Chief of Detectives Newman or the FBI asked him to breach security, he cooperated, because he relied implicitly on their integrity. As for running special lines into FBI headquarters to facilitate the tapping, Brewster attempted to argue that this was a regular company service, advertised and available to all comers. Senator Long hopped on the rationalization. Then, he demanded, the company would provide such accommodations for private detectives, wouldn't it? Oh, no, said Brewster, obviously horrified. Why not? If this were a purely commercial transaction, why shouldn't it be sold to anyone who had cash in hand? Brewster protested that private detectives and other agencies "don't have the charge and the responsibility of the Bureau."

Long kept hammering away. Didn't this performance by the telephone company in permitting,

even helping, to tap its own lines raise "a great question of apprehension of your subscribers over the city as to whether their telephones are maybe being tapped or bugged?"

"Sure, it certainly does," Brewster replied.

The telephone company's security man then read into the record a long list of work orders he had approved dealing with the installation of special lines to facilitate the widespread FBI wire tapping.

SENATOR LONG: *Did your employees go with the FBI men when they were disguised as telephone company employees?*

BREWSTER: *I will put it this way. I think there were some Bureau men who went with the telephone company people.*

SENATOR LONG: *Disguised as telephone employees?*

BREWSTER: *They had on old clothes and those things. I think I loaned one of them a pair of —*

SENATOR LONG: *Mr. Brewster, this work is so dangerous and so disagreeable to your men that you have to ask for volunteers, don't you, to go out and handle this type of situation?*

BREWSTER: *I have never had to.*

SENATOR LONG: *I think Mr. Schmitt or Mr. [William] Hare* [two telephone employees who had previously testified] *could answer that question for me. Could either one of you gentlemen answer it for me?*

HARE: *Yes, sir.*

SENATOR LONG: *Thank you. It got so dangerous, they finally stopped volunteering.*

BREWSTER: *It might have been.*

The ethical dilemmas in which a telephone company official becomes involved when he makes the FBI his master were highlighted in a final, farcical exchange between Senator Long and Brewster. Long asked Brewster what happened when telephone subscribers became suspicious and asked the company to determine whether their phones were being tapped. Well, said Brewster, the company sent men out to check poles in the vicinity of the terminal box in question, and twice in the past year, as a matter of fact, they had discovered taps. Then it went like this:

SENATOR LONG: *You have found those. What did you do with the equipment that you found?*

BREWSTER: *Our instructions to our people are, who actually make the inspection, remove the equipment and give it to the customer and* advise them to contact the law enforcing officers, preferably the FBI. (Emphasis added.)

SENATOR LONG: *What would you have done if you got a call from the Acme Jobbing Company, I believe you said, down at 2512 McGee Street?* [This was one of the locations that Brewster had helped the FBI to tap.] *What would you have done if you had gotten a call that their line was being tapped?*

BREWSTER: *I don't know, to be frank with you.*

SENATOR LONG: *Would you have gone down to check it?*

BREWSTER: *I just don't know.*

This seems like an appropriate note on which to close this account of the world of Big Brother. Freedom can hardly endure, despite all the platitudes of stump-shouting politicians, unless people can *feel free* to exchange their private thoughts and indulge in uninhibited discussion. And who can *feel free* in a world in which government employees spy on a sun-bathing wife, snoop through mail, tap telephones, bug the most private areas of the home—and then, if it suits official purposes, take the witness stand and, superior to the law, blithely lie about it? The subterranean world that the Long committee investigation has been exposing is in irreconcilable conflict with the traditions of our past and is incalculably menacing to any continuance of a healthy democracy.

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Letting the Tory Dogs Have It

WRITERS AND POLITICS: Essays and Criticism. By Conor Cruise O'Brien. Pantheon Books. 259 pp. $4.95.

Warren Miller

Richard Ellmann begins his biography of Joyce by noting that to the English he is "eccentric and 'Irish,'" and points out that this sort of remark is "dangerously 'English.'" Ellmann's warning must be taken seriously: too often we begin by defining others and end by revealing only ourselves, and what is revealed is almost never attractive. Our response, thus far, to Dr. O'Brien's books—*To Katanga and Back* and now this collection of essays—reveals us as a willfully ignorant people who aspire at most to a kind of peasant cunning. This is only at first glance in contradiction to our scientific achievement; it is even, possibly, one of the results of that achievement: our mastery of the atom and superiority in weaponry has produced a *need* for ignorance in certain areas; and where we least want enlightenment is in that most vital of areas, the cold war. Knowledge would almost certainly lead to a demand for change; this would require an admission of past error; and those now in power are not ready for that. Mr. Johnson's face is certainly made of rubber and his feet are certainly made of clay; he cannot help revealing the first and is probably therefore all the more sensitive about revealing the second.

Some lessons of history, however, are writ so large that even a people as hopeful as we are cannot rewrite them. It is well known, for example, that empires fall. No possible stickum can therefore be overlooked. If ignorance will keep the machine going a little while longer, then ignorant we will be: Every eye closed for the Greater Good, men! It would be nice to think that our enormous difficulty in facing facts (we've only just begun to hear about facing theories) is not cowardice at all but perhaps a saving sense of shame. Whichever it may be, the result, for the present, is the same: given the choice between Hammarskjold's diplomatic mysticism and O'Brien's salutary compulsion for truth telling, we choose to embrace the mystic. *Markings*, so sadly wanting, so unsubstantial, floats to the top of the bestseller lists, while *Writers and Politics* is greeted with silence, shunted toward the back pages of fat book supplements, or received with a weary here-we-go-again tone, as if the woods were full of O'Briens and books like this were published every day of the week.

"Only reality is admirable," Renan wrote, in the not unlikely year of 1848; and this is, in part, what Dr. O'Brien would have us understand, even when, as he wrote in *To Katanga and Back*, reality may "often puzzle or disappoint, and may occasionally scandalize, those who agree most warmly with its political conclusions. Personally, I regret this, being temperamentally not much inclined to 'letting the Tory dogs have the best of it,' even momentarily."

It's difficult to imagine the Tory dogs finding any comfort here; they may applaud O'Brien's description of Adlai Stevenson's face—"its shiftily earnest advocate's expression"—but they will at once be alarmed by his assertion that it is "the ingratiating moral mask which a toughly acquisitive society wears before the world it robs: 'liberalism' is the ideology of the rich, the elevation into universal values of the codes which favoured the emergence, and favour the continuance, of capitalist society." And: "Liberal values . . . today make the rich world yawn and the poor world sick," is a statement calculated to outrage Max Lerner and Prof. Roche; and while it may amuse Mr. Buckley (for its style), he will not make the mistake of assuming O'Brien is on his side.

This is one of O'Brien's great virtues: where he stands is never in doubt although his position is not a simple *stance*, not what journalists have taken to calling a *posture*. O'Brien is a Socialist who is also "a liberal, incurably. . . . The revolutionary idea both impressed me and struck me as more *immediately* relevant for most of humanity than were the liberal concepts"; but it is these concepts and their "long-term importance" that hold O'Brien's allegiance.

Are we then witnessing the too familiar spectacle of the self-declared radical announcing himself ready to take tea at the White House and join ADA? Are Lerner and Roche already approaching with comradely greetings? Like most liberals they are capable, of course, of enormous self-deceptions, but I suspect that mythomania and empire building will not carry them so far as to try to annex O'Brien. What divides them irrevocably is not only O'Brien's commitment to socialism; there is also the fact, equally important, that he sees his liberalism deriving from 1848; it is, he points out, a tradition which in "Catholic and time-lagging countries" gets "less lip-service" and is taken more seriously than in countries like our own.

It is this combination then of Socialist vision and an old-world, time-lagging dedication to truth—and to irony, which intellectuals in a "priest-led society" (and in other societies too, I would add) "set great store by" —which gives this book its marvelous instructive power. A slim volume, a Little Anthology of quotes could easily be drawn from it; this would serve not merely to delight (although that would be no small matter) but as an explication of O'Brien and his altogether admirable reality.

Such a volume could very well begin with this on Dwight Macdonald as *New Yorker* critic:

> *He . . . in the political apathy, or aphasia, which seems to have overcome him on losing his Trotskyite faith, has been visited by an illusion of social and economic weightlessness, believing himself to be outside the system which he is describing, and of which he is, apparently without knowing it, a functioning part.*

and continue with this from an essay on Orwell:

> *Some of Orwell's American admirers in the fifties may have been, in reality, more impressed by the arguments of Senator McCarthy than by those of* Animal Farm, *but an Orwellian conversion lent dignity to retreat.*

or this from an essay on Michelet:

> *The plain dry style [of modern historians] implies the acceptance of rigorous standards, submission to ascertainable facts, the aspiration of historiography toward the status of an exact science. Yet, as in all systems of strict convention, hypocrisy, the nemesis of puritanism, is never far behind.*

and on Sartre:

> *A writer's integrity, in political*

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matters, does not necessarily vary directly with the square of his distance from the Communist Party.

From *The New Yorker* to Michelet to Sartre, and yet we have come nowhere near indicating the remarkable variety of O'Brien's book. There is still the section on Ireland: "Irishness is not primarily a question of birth or blood or language: it is the condition of being involved in the Irish situation, and usually of being mauled by it." The selection on literary critics: "What we easily fail to see is that the 'non-political' Western critic resembles his Soviet rather than his Polish colleagues by the way in which he acquiesces in the orthodoxy which prevails in his society." And the cold war: ". . . what *Encounter* means when it says that it loves liberty is merely that it hates communism." And a final section on the UN and the developing countries: ". . . considering the past history, and much of the present practise, of white peoples . . . it might be well for Europeans and Americans, having rescued [in the Congo] some hundreds of whites from blacks, now to set about rescuing several millions of blacks from whites."

I think it can be seen that Dr. O'Brien is, in a sense, engaged in a "rescue mission" which is by no means confined to the borders of the Congo; like Rilke it is this sweet apple world he wants to save, nothing less; such messianic madness is the chief sanity our time allows. The liberation of the worlds of the East and the West and the poor world, Dr. O'Brien tells us, will proceed from within and will depend mainly on

mighty economic and social forces, but also a little on the efforts of individuals. From the other side we hear a few writers . . . busily chipping away. Our applause can neither encourage nor help them. What might help would be that, from our own side also, should be heard the sound of chipping.

It is a claustrophobic image, and every American writer since Poe will find it familiar to the point of being downright homey: it has been for years *our place*. What O'Brien is doing is to show writers how to make that daily descent to the pit meaningful. Chipping away, slowly, painfully, in the worst possible conditions, nevertheless we will yet come to liberation and what lies beyond it.

When we do, and even well before, *Writers and Politics* will have become one of those underground (images of mining persist) books which slowly become a determining influence. The silence which marked its arrival should not be surprising: silence is always the response of those who are, as Galileo said, willfully blind; it is what issues from them when alarming things are happening: when the earth shifts, climates modify and vocabularies begin to change.

Art Books: 1965

Max Kozloff

SEURAT. By John Russell. Frederick A. Praeger. 286 pp. 176 black-and-white illus., 48 color. $7.50. Paper $3.95.

There has been a great deal of Seurat research recently, and a continued, even heightened regard for his work. John Russell, riding the crest of this interest in one of the immense geniuses of modern painting, finds his way nimbly and responsibly. This is not to say that his book offers anything greatly original. Its virtue, rather, is that it makes readable a considerable amount of previous specialized and technical study without becoming superficial in the process.

Still, one finds peculiar omissions and emphases. As if it were an old chestnut by now (which in a way it is), Russell is quite perfunctory about Seurat's relation to Impressionism, and the complex implications, if not the actual execution, of his color mechanics. It is not quite clear in Russell's text how Seurat "geometrized" space by color (as distinct from his strictly compositional devices). Nor are its Symbolist, constructive and optical tensions interrelated, as they might be viewed by a spectator. He sees the "Grand Jatte" fairly enough as the "heir to one of the great poetic traditions of European painting," but does not convince by his citation of a 15th-century Italian allegory as one of its sources. On the other hand, it is refreshing to be shown Seurat's affinities, especially in "Parade," with Rimbaud. As to the potential social criticism in Seurat, it is a moot point, but stimulating to think about.

Nevertheless, the main story, illustrated generously with so-so color, is here. It reveals a career that moves conceptually from a material reality to a "superior" reality (surreality?), from fugitive sensation into a definitive synthesis, and from impersonal method to a lyrically personal expression. These turns are caught neatly as they build up an *oeuvre* that has indebted Picasso, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Duchamp, Delaunay, Klee and, with unforeseen consequences, Max Ernst. If the text occasionally reads like a slide lecture, it is always well oiled and to the point. Russell is a cultural journalist of a high order.

ODILON REDON. By Klaus Berger. Translated from the German by Michael Bullock. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 244 pp. 90 black-and-white illus., 20 color. $19.95.

Redon was a fantasist whose work not so much impinged upon the *fin de siècle*, as it drew a delicate, timorous nourishment from it. He means more to us than the smoky Fauré and Maeterlinck, spirits kindred to him in the sister arts of music and literature, because his work contains an incipient abstraction, and an intuition of horror in the exquisiteness of sense itself. With sinister refinement, he contributed to a pictorial shift from the accent on the objects of knowledge to the processes of knowing. And yet "knowing" was always necessarily out of reach. It reminds one of what Alan

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Watts had to say in another context: "Consciousness peers out of a center which it cannot see. . . . Life seems to resolve itself down to a tiny germ or nipple of sensitivity . . . a squiggling little nucleus that is trying to make love to itself and can never quite get there." Redon gives the impression of wanting to see more intensely, come what may, by closing his eyes. No one has made more vivid the emotion of unrequited tenderness.

Klaus Berger has written an unforgivable book on this artist. It wanders in awkward ebullience (translated from the German), through patchy sections on such subjects as "spiritualized nature," and "inspiration." A hash is made of Redon's development, pictures are inconveniently placed, and the catalogue cancels its usefulness by being without illustration! (Not that compiling a Redon catalogue isn't enormously difficult: inevitably vague subject headings, problematical dating, and a dispersed prodigality of works.) Much worse, the overall approach of the essay is obtuse. Berger scants the fascinating iconographical vibrations in Redon without having developed a stylistic vocabulary worth taking seriously. He hates abstract art, and makes howling historical mistakes (e. g., "even when Cézanne had long won world fame, Seurat was still in obscurity, almost unknown"). Contrary to evidence, he at one point speaks of the flatness of Redon's style (its atmospheric depth—as distinct from modulated values—was its least progressive feature); and of the late works, Berger remarks erroneously of an "objective color that is firmly based on construction." Intermittently, at least, he breaks through to the self-evident. The color plates are beautiful.

THE HISTORY OF SURREALISM. By Maurice Nadeau. Translated from the French by Richard Howard, with an introduction by Roger Shattuck. The Macmillan Co. 351 pp. $6.95.

SURREALISM. By Patrick Waldberg. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 127 pp. 144 black-and-white illus., 8 color. $6.95.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SURREALISM. By J. H. Matthews. Pennsylvania State University Press. 192 pp. $5.

Writings on Surrealism almost always turn out to be unsatisfactory. Several reasons for this disappointing performance suggest themselves. One is that the Surrealist sensibility—it is hard to call it a movement or a style—still breathes. It more or less subtly pervades, or is a nuance within, all lively art today, so that efforts to see it as of the historical past are completely premature. To be sure, the age of manifestoes is over; political scandals, or attempts at scandal, they have faded away. Their animus, Surrealism, has sometimes been viewed as a 20th-century inheritor of romanticism. But if a generation of Manet could look back upon that of 1830 as finished, we must see the example of Breton as only, in a disturbing sense, reborn. The writers of the current volumes remain in various ways captives of (rather than participants in) the Surrealist past, without at all glimpsing its potentialities in the present. Not seeing or caring about the dialogue of contemporary art with Surrealism, they have shortchanged their own interests. In each of their books, there is a vacancy at the center.

Another reason why good accounts of the subject are hard to come by is its very antagonism to coherent discussion. Not merely is it the most bewilderingly interdisciplinary phenomenon, it is also one of the most self-obfuscating. One learns to take artists and writers with some skepticism when they talk of their work; in their social heyday, the Surrealists demanded unquestioning allegiance to the deliberately implausible or ostentatiously woolly. The present writers react a little nervously to this put-on. Their dilemma consists of recounting a faith to which they are very sympathetic, but which is also a little too outdated, a little too extravagant to uphold. They are as convincing and as well intentioned in their picture of Surrealism, as are Reform Jews in the practice of their religion. Yet Aragon, Ernst, Artaud and Bunuel were at all times impious (or piously heretic) men.

The attitude toward them here is uncritical and middle class, but tinged with uneasiness. Despite their lip service to its continuity, Nadeau and Waldberg are disposed to see Surrealism lifelessly as a collection of impulsive slogans and madcap personalities that never precipitated an art controversial enough to be discussed on its own terms. It is the fashion to analyze Surrealism, like Expressionism, as a mesh of social gestures, and as an aberrant if revolutionary ambience. The protagonists of that ethos have themselves encouraged this treatment by denouncing art, de-emphasizing talent and reviling productivity. These books do not necessarily accept such statements at their face value, but they do confine themselves to documenting them, and hence to taming Surrealism by inadvertence.

Maurice Nadeau's *The History of Surrealism* was first published in 1944, and remained, *faute de mieux*, the standard review of the subject. Now it is finally translated into English (by Richard Howard), together with a 1957 epilogue (somewhat dyspeptic) and a sampling of Surrealist literary tidbits and sweetmeats. It is organized chronologically in chapters that detail the behavioral tics and polemical oppositions of the major and a group of minor actors. One thing that emerges from the liberal samplings of texts is that Surrealism's "automatistic" use of language is not anywhere near as radical as it made itself out to be. Breton's seizure of an idea that came to him in a half-drowsy state, and "tapped on the window," was amplified only into a more contemporary echo of 17th-century French linguistic sonority. If the poetry that followed was frequently studded with startling images, it still abused and degraded word meanings in a traditional French vein of phrase mongering. It fact, it is possible to see Surrealist bombast as an attempt to correct a chronic cultural hyberbole by its own methods. In these pages, it is Louis Aragon who most often calls the bluff of the Surrealist "worshippers of impasse" (Nadeau), he says: "Kill yourself or don't. But don't drag your slugs of agony all over the world . . . don't leave that revolver butt hanging out of your pocket any longer, irresistibly tempting a good kick in the ass. Don't insult the true suicide by this perpetual panting. . . ." Perhaps in its occasional raillery against its own narcissism, "this perpetual panting," Surrealism comes closest in evoking a relevant predicament. From Nadeau, one gets the most authentic glimpse of a consciousness that gains knowledge only to abort itself. Possibly that is his major contribution.

Patrick Waldberg emerged in the thirties as a friend of Max Ernst. He has produced a quite sloppy, engaging little book, sprinkled with Surrealist family-album shots, which aspires far more to be an addendum than a replacement to Marcel Jean's *History of Surrealist Painting*. After a promising start in which the author makes the distinction between the "emblematics" and the "naturalists of the imaginary" in Surrealist painting, his essay wanders in disjointed quotes, anecdotes and puffs. But it is piquant to read that "Tanguy captured spiders,

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which he ate alive to terrify the neighborhood"; and, even more, instructive to study a Belgian Surrealist map of the world (1929), in which New Guinea is larger than India, France and the United States do not exist, and Easter Island vies with a South America shrunk to Peru. In addition, there is a photographic gallery of poker-faced but self-infatuated individuals that conveys a sense of superannuated fun. Here is a Holmes-Watson tableau of Duchamp and Man Ray; and here also is Ray's incredibly sensuous photograph of the beautiful Meret Oppenheim, authoress of the fur-lined teacup. It alone is worth the price of admission.

The Matthews study (he is an English scholar) is academic in the unfortunate sense of the word. He paws around the central concepts of Surrealism, but does not bring to them the quality of mind—or perhaps incredulity—that will test them for their value as well as for their defects. Just the same, he presents the only survey into which one's intellectual teeth can at least sink. For example, he takes pains to show how art criticism has always been at odds with Surrealist dogma, because the Surrealist quality—that is, the irrational, the inexplicable—usurps in their program any merely aesthetic considerations. André Masson is quoted about "a desperate breach between the content and the container" in the easel tradition, a breach that criticism has shown time and again not to exist. Although the Surrealists frequently spoke about "getting beyond painting," they just as often admitted having to settle for it. The fallacy lies in supposing that their work at its best would be dishonored by form, or that it has expunged form. And precisely at the point where it would be valuable to discuss the compromise between vision and syntax in Surrealist art (e. g., the conventions proposed), Matthews leaves off. It would, after all, have required seeing intentions and operations underlying those merely announced.

Similarly, his treatment of the *collective vision* of Surrealism gets into immediate trouble on a complex issue. It is not necessary at this late date to point out that there exists an alarming interior life in everyone's psyche, whose tapping provides the Surrealist's credentials. Nor does one have to argue in 1965 that the probing of dreams does not imply an escapist premise. In these matters, there is no escape from life, and no irrelevance to thought. But when the Surrealists maintain that they picture disturbances, or find irritations (what a difference between them) in the human unconscious, it is important to elicit what is unique or individual in their fantasies, not what is common to ours. Why should we grant them a simple-minded banality when, upon respectably numerous occasions, they don't deserve it? For the rest, Matthews looks into such matters as techniques of chance, theories of enchantment and Surrealist erotomania, but from a generally static and repetitious position. The book is misnamed: it is really an introduction to an introduction.

Now, no battles of the kind that faced its initiators have to be fought by the Surrealist sensibility. The shibboleths rejected (logical structures, perceptual painting, idealist philosophy, etc.), and the gods worshiped (Lautréamont, Moreau, Sade, et al.) no longer have their old resonance. But the Dada principle of displacement, and the Surrealist technique of incongruous juxtaposition hold sway over visual art as they never did before. What is Surrealist in Pop art is the hallucinating pornographic tone with which it considers its images; what is contemporary in happenings is their sensitivity to urban chaos and madness. In fact, the current environment is so monstrous and implausible (in its political as well as its aesthetic dimensions) as to surpass the original Surrealists' wildest dreams. It allows the contemporary artists a far more abstract and chilly temper than their predecessors. What the overall theme now needs is the attention of a scrupulous art historian, conscious of what has happened all around him for the last ten years, and willing to defrock himself a little by an infusion of the critical spirit. The resulting indiscretion ought to be valuable.

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CANVASES AND CAREERS. By Harrison C. White and Cynthia A. White. John Wiley & Sons. 167 pp. $5.50.

THE VANGUARD ARTIST. By Bernard Rosenberg and Norris Fliegel. Quadrangle Books. 366 pp. $7.50.

THE BRIDE AND THE BACHELORS. By Calvin Tomkins. Viking Press. 246 pp. $6.50.

Although widely disparate in their subject matter, the works listed above pose some related questions, especially in the realm of methodology. The overall issue might be summarized as follows: can the techniques of sociology and psychology bear relevant fruit when applied to the history of visual art? What criteria might be employed, and what areas might be opened up for illumination? As demonstrated here, the answers to these queries make an interesting spectacle, not least of all because the objectivity of social-science research steers a collision course with the value-oriented criticism that is most associated with the field of art.

The Whites take as their inquiry the study of institutional change in 19th-century French artistic life, and the pressures and forces which shaped careers within it. Mr. White is the author of an earlier book entitled *An Anatomy of Kinship: Mathematical Models for Structures of Cumulated Roles*. The current effort is punctuated by stupefying tables such as "Changing Sponsors for Showings of Manet's Paintings, by Decade of Production, for Three Periods of His Career." One of the authors' more astounding findings is that by conservative estimate 200,000 salable canvases were produced on the average in France every ten years from 1850 to 1900. Curiously enough, this figure is the key to a rather deft little analysis based on materials that have never been brought together with quite so specific a purpose. For the sheer quantity of artistic production allows the authors to see the unmaking of institutional stability.

They start by showing the conflicts between the old painters' guilds and the court aesthetes, eager for greater prestige and aristocratic patronage. From the victory of the latter arose the academic system. Dominating the first three-quarters of the last century, the Institut provided a competitive sequence of career opportunities, organization of exhibition, professional communication, and control of awards and rejections. But it was also overcentralized and overloaded. It could not maintain teaching standards, reform the Salon (and the jury system), and channel commissions to the more than 3,000 practitioners. By mid-century, the new dealer-critic system was making forays against these unsatisfactory conditions by offering more flexible and frequent shows (including the effective group exhibition), and more personal, committed and focused publicity: both more meaningful than official honors. Additionally, it made available to the rising middle-class public the more intimate and portable pictures of an *avant-garde* in opposition to the history painting of an earlier epoch. In passing, the authors make some interesting remarks. They see, for instance, a possible correlation between *petit-bourgeois* frugality in the artists' own background and Bohemian austerity. They point out the evils of a speculative market as an incentive and fault of the new system. And they see the social and emotional content of gallery patronage as in some ways more related to the guilds than to the bureaucratic structure which it replaced.

On the debit side, however, a number of problems are left unanswered. The use of the word "pure" art—signifying the painting of philosophical aspiration on one hand, and the more decorative work of the Impressionists on the other—is much more confused than it ought to be. Then too, the overarching fact that the academic establishment ceased to represent any of the real developments in French painting after 1835 is shunted to a sideline it should never occupy. Collecting patterns and the larger economic situation do not cause institutional change; they only reflect it. The Whites are quite right to see the critic-dealer system as giving a new social framework to the artist, instead of being a symptom of his alienation, but they undervalue the triumph of an individuality which was bound to create a cleavage between the overall cultural temper and creative vision. Above all, vast quantities of artists were not so causative nor fluent a factor in the historical matrix as is

On Receiving as a Memento a Stone from Alaska

Chert **— the word resists poetry as flint**
Compels it. Flint and chert are cousins. It would be easier
If chert were called — oh — obsidian
Or granite or any name that does not sound
Like a noisome weed, the cry of a mangy bird,
A scruffy pander of indeterminate sex,
An urban blasphemy. But there it is,
And there chert is, as beautiful as arrowheads,
As there-it-is and as there-it-was
As beautiful creation. It is quartz.
Quartz conducts. Put it to your cheek
And it is cool even when summer flames.
It is part chalcedony and chalcedony is
Carnelian, chrysoprase, agate, onyx—these
Glamourous and illustrious relatives bow,
And cheek-cool quartz chert, the street child,
Suddenly is dear for an honest-seeming
Name of cheekiness and blasphemy.
Beneath chert, in the dictionary, is *cherte*,
Meaning tenderness, dearness, dearth, and cheerfulness.
Obsolete. How could one word mean all this?
A chert, pert, cheek-cool, quartz word could,
One enduring dearth, one dear and tender,
And still cheerful. Check-cool cheerful quartz —
Chert **— in the gaiety of a city dialect,**
A kind of Venetian, smart to states and sand.
The latter took longer — of rock pressures we know nothing.
We prefer to discourse about the resulting
Qualities: quartz courage, carnelian honor,
Chrysoprase ceremonial, loyalties of chalcedony, onyx
Faith, agate strength, flint adversity.
But to come through pressures cheerfully — this suggests
The quiet virtues, kindness and cheerfulness, easy
Perhaps as street blasphemies. Quartz conducts;
The quiet virtues lead. I like to see pieces
Of chert on my desk, for themselves and as reminder.

Gladys Ely

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implied by a statistical approach. By overlooking the advent of unprecedented artistic "movements" and the effects of the intellectual little magazines (incommensurable, but both potent), the book misrepresents the actual turning points of its subject.

Besides, the unjuried Salon des Indépendants, which started in the eighties, and all the successive Parisian phenomena — the Salon d'Automne, and Salon de Mai, right down to the Biennales and exhibitions of dentists' wives—repeat even larger inundations of mediocrity than in the dynastic past. But now the organs of power and the decisive opinions have fled far from government sponsorship, to become an establishment in their own right.

Confusion about this new establishment runs like a leitmotiv through Rosenberg and Fliegel's *The Vanguard Artist*: a confusion of American contemporary artists about their role, their audience and their success. The "vanguard" artist is seen to have inherited a situation in which—the Philistines finally vanquished—he is accepted implausibly at face value. A breakdown of the century-long resistance to advanced art, at least on the social level, plunges him into breast beating and self-contradiction. Such are the reiterations of a book which comprises "in depth," "informal," anonymous interviews with twenty-five prominent New York artists (Abstract Expressionists, mostly), distributed in fragments through chapters with such headings as "Generational Conflict," "The Artist and His Publics," "Museums and Dealers," etc. One author is a professor of sociology, the other is a psychotherapist. By the time their interviews were completed in 1962, they had compiled a list of complaints in which artists let off steam about the chaos of accelerated novelty, the vulgarity and commercialism of the scene and, concerning the younger generation—Pop artists just making their entrance—resentment galore.

In point of fact, these artists are the tail end of an era in which it was still possible to see themselves as nobly separated from society; in which, if they had to function in dehumanized circumstances, their own human ambition as artists carried proportionately more weight. Their self-image as visionaries and as upholders of tradition, for the time being, was more important than their hard-won professional status. How like the early Salon academics they were in this respect. Yet, immediately following upon them, and taken up with a bewildering enthusiasm, were new men who not merely displaced them from the market but who were impervious to fame, and restricted in their outlook (generally presuming to be no more than specialists). In both cases, the social orientation is bourgeois (so was the Impressionists') but the older artists are far more equivocal in their class identity, and far more sensitive about the emoluments which have taken the edge off their "vanguard" position. Paradoxically, the "establishment" no longer exists as a locatable agency: it is everywhere and nowhere. Patronage and recognition can come from any place, in random, impersonal formats which actually generate the greatest affront and bewilderment.

So much for the description of a state of affairs that has become rather familiar to interested spectators. But it never occurred to the authors to put it into context. If they outline the centralization of New York as world art nucleus (replacing 19th-century Paris), they do not understand that the real objection of their subjects to Pop art is its stylistic critique of their own conception of art. Social behavior, financial competition, while obviously threatening, are in the end subsidiary to the ideological offense. Worse still, the bull-session quotations are used only to contradict one another in a moil of erratic opinion. Quarrelsome artists are proved to be very much like other anti-bureaucratic people, when caught off guard, or removed from their work, and this is hardly a revelation. Moreover, that their candor is nameless reduces its possible historical value. Finally, the conceptual questions, those that would really distinguish these artists as the creators they may be, are beyond the cultural power of their interlocutors to ask. They give us no further insight than what we are already beginning to see reflected superficially in the mass media. In fact, the book itself is a disguised example of those media, putting on sociological airs.

The Tomkins book, for its part, shows not the slightest hesitation in revealing its journalistic origins. As a vehicle for information and evaluation about artists of the caliber of Duchamp and Rauschenberg (Tinguely and Cage are also treated), the *New Yorker* profile is a very curious specimen indeed. Being a champion of WASP taste, notorious for the tepidness with which it receives anything vital in the arts, the magazine here imposes a shockingly casual accent on the biographies of some rather subversive individuals. And yet, even if delivered in Tomkins' imitable teatime tone, there is a mass of new material here that any scholar or critic would welcome. (Although the Duchamp piece repeats what is [illegible]ly known in a famous caree[illegible] no distinction between the [illegible] and the trivial—both are grist to his reportorial typewriter — Tomkins divorces himself from his subjects. Ironically, when he brings out Tinguely's rabid "*je m'en foutisme*," he is only echoing an extreme version of his own ethical non-engagement.

As is proper, Duchamp dominates the proceedings. A cautionary note appears in the master's disdain for commercialism, and one of the major themes of this book is the conviction of its protagonists that life is more important than art, sensibility more important than sales. Fed into Surrealism by Duchamp pre-eminently, this belief has insinuated itself in a far more ambiguous fashion among young artists—Johns is one—who have been able to function in the limelight without losing their direction. The presence of Duchamp's anti-professional stance in Rauschenberg's sensuously rich production is an extraordinary phenomenon. In a sense, if you understand that "society just takes what it wants," this can be a liberation far more than

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a burden. Yet, beyond this, lies a far greater challenge. Commenting upon the title of his book (taken from Duchamp's "Large Glass"), Tomkins says:

> *We might say that the wooing of this infinitely seductive Bride can never wholly succeed. The Bachelors may expend all their art in the attempt . . . and the Bride may further their efforts with her own quickening desire to be possessed. But this Bride, like life itself, can never be truly possessed. . . .*

Even in Rauschenberg's "Monogram," an angora goat with a tire around its midriff, the horns and platform are smeared with paint: an intimation of aesthetic enjoyment that has either to be humiliated or displaced in order that its value be still maintained. It is the Symbolist longing for a pure, unattainable pleasure, in a new guise. How the outer world still tends to respond to this is indicated by the story of the lady at the Jewish Museum who wondered why Rauschenberg was interested only in ugly things.

> *I told her* [says the artist] *that if I were to describe the way she was dressed, it might sound very much like what she'd been saying. For instance, she had feathers on her head. And she had this enamel brooch with a picture of "The Blue Boy" on it pinned to her breast. And around her neck she had on what she would call mink but what could also be described as the skin of a dead animal.*

Artists can make the most amazing discoveries by the change of an attitude. But to explore those discoveries, something more is needed than the wan efforts of statisticians, sociologues and journalists.

Recent Art Books of Interest

ORIENTAL ARCHITECTURE IN COLOR. By Werner Speiser. Viking Press. 504 pp. 112 color illus. $22.50.

GIORGIONE AND GIORGIONISM. By Ludwig Baldass. (Notes by Gunther Heinz. Translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn.) Harry N. Abrams. 188 pp. 56 black-and-white illus., 26 color. $25.

PAINTING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Werner Haftmann. Frederick A. Praeger. 861 pp. 969 black-and-white illus., 43 color. 2 vols. $15. Paper $3.95 (text); $4.95 (plates).

THE KROLLER-MULLER MUSEUM. By Ellen Joosten. Edited by Sir John Rothenstein. Shorewood Publishers. 228 pp. 3 black-and-white illus., 101 color. $7.95.

LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN ART. Edited by René Huyghe. Prometheus Press. 444 pp. 1,000 illus., 56 in color. $15.95 until Jan. 1, 1966; $20 thereafter.

FOUNDATIONS OF CHINESE ART. By William Willetts. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 465 pp. About 300 illus., 58 in color. $30.

George Wittenborn Company has very kindly provided information for this list.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE

Several English critics whom I respect were less than lukewarm about Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* but rapturous about John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence* (Belasco). I point this out not as a comment on the plays or on the critics, but to emphasize that art and literature are not inevitably international in value. Critics are parts of a community each with its own particular history and need. *Inadmissible Evidence* was a great popular as well as critical success in London; it has not been well received here and is probably destined to a brief run.

There is still a "dream" in *Virginia Woolf*, as well as a jocularity, which helps keep the play's sting from being poisonous. Though *Inadmissible Evidence* begins with and occasionally reverts to stream of consciousness monologue, it contains no "dream"; though it crackles with sharp phrases which startle us to a guffaw, it is not at all humorous. It is a display of English nausea.

The absence of a dream is its underlying theme. Where in our lives is there anything to rouse us to significant action, to some sort of substantial idealism, to a belief or a cause which might lead us to a struggle worth the candle? In fact, says Maitland, the man who submits evidence against himself, "I've never discovered what is [worth the candle]." Everything has gone stale, flat, acidulous.

The English see in Maitland a "hero" of their day, the present archetype of the educated middle-class Britisher. He works hard without a sense of purpose. He has little except a routine relationship to his job. He has only a nagging affection for his wife, a nervous yearning for his mistress, a spastic impulse toward every pretty girl he encounters and with whom he copulates in a fog of befuddlement. His children are slightly repellent strangers. One of the most eloquent, indeed brilliantly written, speeches in the play is Maitland's denunciation of the "cool" generation, addressed to his daughter about whose age he is in some doubt. He is addicted to pills. A solicitor, he is losing his professional grip. He sees all his clients as one dismal, distracted creature no better off than himself. "I, myself, am more packed with spite and twitching with revenge than anyone I know of. I actually often, frequently, daily want to see people die for their errors. I wish to kill them myself, to throw the switch with my own fist." The man spews spleen.

Jimmy Porter in *Look Back in Anger* was bitter about England after the war. It had lost its ancient stature. Now says Maitland, "I'm not the one on any side. I don't have any idea of where I am." Even more to the point he exclaims: "Britain's position in the world. Screw that. What about my position!" Because there has been this apparent change from a degree of social consciousness in Jimmy Porter to Maitland's despair about himself, it has been said by a number of English and at least one American critic that *Inadmissible Evidence* is the profounder, the more universal play—a modern tragedy.

No doubt many Englishmen see themselves in Maitland. They honor Osborne for articulating their inner distress. (Outwardly—and this is one of Osborne's beefs—they are much too patient.) He exposes their concealed wounds, their soul-sickness. His play is a document: it *does* reveal their weariness, their atony, above all their desire to sneer at themselves. In this, together with an extraordinary faculty for derision in passages of coruscating rhetoric, lies the strength of Osborne's play.

Still, it is a social symptom. It is not true that Maitland embodies the condition of man. At the most he is an Englishman, and only of one sort. To be sure he has his counterparts in other countries—but with distinct differences. Even the morally debilitated American has more youthful zest and thus a semblance of hope, of

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going somewhere, getting some place. There are large areas of the world in which the Maitlands hardly exist at all. They are the product of political stagnation brought on not by fear or an intellectual incapacity to change but by a society divided within itself: one part clinging to a traditional past which has become a fading memory, the other unsettled because it does not know what the future will look like. Maitland is an image of a festering England.

I say "image" because Maitland is not a *man* at all. He exists as an idea, not as a person. He is a composite of observations, reflections, confessional epigrams. He is the spirit that denies itself. The man who supposes himself a Maitland deceives himself. Maitland is a collage of traits and effects adding up to a gigantic grimace. He is truth only as a caricature is truth. The material of *Inadmissible Evidence* might prove far more cogent as a series of sketches, pathetic-comic.

There is talent in the enterprise, but not for tragedy or great drama. Apart from the unmistakable literary flair, it is a talent for catching the mood of a period, a sense of what is in the air, the gift of the adman of genius. This is coupled by what is deepest in Osborne: an outraged disaffection, a self-loathing projected as a contempt for society. None of this is irreconcilable with an irrepressible ambition.

I admire the phenomenon; I have a sneaking sympathy with it, and for all the above reasons (not excepting my own admiration) I find it hateful. It is anti-biologic. Men have a life wish far more potent than any death wish. It is the life wish which must be perceived and made sensible to us in every work of art no matter how "black." It is the quickening spark which creates whatever is real and meaningful to us in the world—including expressions of anguish. Ultimately no true work of art can be a depressant. The "downbeat" is only an outcry, sometimes a howl of affirmation.

There is too little of this in *Inadmissible Evidence*. There is barely a trace of compassion (or passion of any kind) in the play. Everything hangs fire. Actually there is no situation, only a state of mind. Therefore nothing can move or be moving. Maitland's clients are not convinced of their case: they are undecided as to whether or not they demand judgment. Maitland's last words as he remains alone in his office are, "I think I'll just stay here. Good-bye." He does not want to become other than he is. His psychologic posture is to sit contemplating a supposedly injured thumb murmuring, "A little tumor. On the end of another." For the English audience *Inadmissible Evidence* became a formidably impressive piece of publicity, reading: Sign of the Times. In this it succeeds too well.

Anthony Page's direction is excellent; the cast on the whole is very good. This is especially so, among the lesser parts, of Ted van Griethuysen as a "symbolic" homosexual—latent in almost every aspect of thought, work, play or misdeed.

Nicol Williamson's performance as Maitland is a technical triumph. The part is exhausting because *Inadmissible Evidence* is virtually an overextended one-man show. What is especially remarkable about Williamson's performance is that he forces one to listen to and to hear every phrase of the 2- and 3-page speeches. Not a line or a nuance is scotched or dropped. Still, from this appearance alone, one is unable to assess Williamson's full measure as an actor. At times he is as intolerable as the character he portrays—nasal in speech with a ringing, uninflected voice except to the extent to which he is able to make such an utterance as "How are you?" an oily snarl of disgust. There is in the performance a kind of unvarying proficiency of delivery which may be required by the assignment, or intended to maintain the style of heartlessness which is perhaps desired by author and director. Feeling seems largely absent, or perhaps it has been avoided as evidence of sloppy sentimentality.

RECORDS: 1965

Benjamin Boretz

To extend both the range and selectivity of this annual listing, the "Records of the Year" have been restricted to those conjunctions of performances and works that would constitute major musical events in any context. Following this, however, a number of other recordings released during 1965 that make worth-while, if somewhat more limited, contributions to the recorded literature are listed according to their aspect of greatest interest: as adequate performances of important literature previously unavailable or inadequately represented on records; as responsible performances of frequently performed literature; or as reissues of historic performances. Dates in parentheses refer to Nation *issues in which relevant discussions have appeared; records not previously reviewed will be discussed in forthcoming issues.*

I. Records of the Year

BACH: *Well-Tempered Clavier*, Book I. Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia D3L 333/D3S 733. (4/20/63, Preludes and Fugues 1-8).

BARTOK: The Six String Quartets. The Juilliard String Quartet. Columbia D3L 317/D3S 717. (10/11).

BEETHOVEN: Sonata in B-flat, Op. 106 ("Hammerklavier"); Sonata in A-flat, Op. 110. Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3900/BC 1300.

BERG: *Wozzeck*, Op. 7. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Evelyn Lear, Gerhard Stolze, Karl Christian Kohn, Helmut Melchert, Fritz Wunderlich, soloists. Chorus and Orchestra of the Deutsches Oper, Berlin, Schöneberger Sängerknaben; Karl Böhm, conductor. DGG 18 991-2/138 991-2.

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 3. Cleveland Orchestra; George Szell, cond. Columbia ML 6085/MS 6685. (3/26).

DVORAK: Symphony No. 9 ("From the New World"). Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 36246. (10/25).

GIOVANNI GABRIELI: Venetian Polychoral Music of c. 1600. Cappella Antiqua of Munich; Konrad

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Rüland, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9456-A (5/17).

IVES: The Sonatas for Violin and Piano (Nos. 1-4). Paul Zukofsky, violin; Gilbert Kalish, piano. Folkways FM 3346 and 3347 (mono only). (5/24).

SCHOENBERG: The Music of Arnold Schoenberg, Volume III: Chamber Symphony No. 1 (1906); Five Pieces for Orchestra (1909); *Herzgewäechse* (1911); Bach: *Komm Gott* and *Schmücke Dich* (1922); Bach: "St. Anne" Prelude and Fugue (1928); *Kol Nidre* (1938); Chamber Symphony No. 2 (1939); *Dreimal Tausend Jahre* (1949). Vocal soloists, Cleveland, CBC, and Columbia Orchestras, Festival Singers of Toronto; Robert Craft, cond. Columbia M2L 309/M2S 709. (10/11).

SESSIONS: Piano Sonata No. 1. Robert Helps, piano. CRI 198.

STRAVINSKY: *Apollo* (1928). Columbia Symphony Orchestra; *Orpheus* (1946). Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6046/MS 6646.

WAGNER: *Götterdämmerung.* Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, Gottlob Frick, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Christa Ludwig, Claire Watson, Gustav Neidlinger, Helen Watts, Grace Hoffman, Anita Välkki, Lucia Popp, Gwyneth Jones, Maureen Guy, vocal soloists; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Georg Solti, cond. London A 4604/OSA 1604. (10/25).

II. Literature of Special Interest

BERLIOZ: *L'Enfance du Christ.* Peter Pears, Elsie Morison, John Cameron, vocal soloists. St. Anthony Singers, Goldsbrough Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. London/Oiseau-Lyre OL 50201-2/SOL 60032-3.

BERLIOZ: *Requiem,* Op. 7. Cesare Valetti, tenor; Temple University Choir; Philadelphia Orchestra; Eugene Ormandy, cond. Columbia M2L 330/M2S 730.

BRITTEN: *Cantata Misericordium* (1963). Peter Pears, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, soloists; London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Benjamin Britten, cond. (with *Sinfonia da Requiem*). London OL 5937/OS 25937.

CARMINA BURANA (20 songs from the original manuscript of c. 1300). Studio of Early Music, Munich. Telefunken SAWT 9455-A. (5/17).

IVES: Symphony No. 4. American Symphony Orchestra; Leopold Stokowski, cond. Columbia ML 6175/MS 6775.

MONTEVERDI: Madrigals and Concerti 1606-1638. Monteverdi-Chorus of Hamburg, Leonhardt Consort; Jürgen Jürgens, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9438-A. (5/24).

SCHOENBERG: *Gurre-Lieder.* Herbert Schachtschneider, Inge Borkh, Hertha Töpper, Kieth Engen, Lorenz Fehenberger, Hans Herbert Fiedler, soloists. Chorus of the Bavarian Radio, Bavarian Radio Orchestra; Rafael Kubelik, cond. DGG 18 984-5/138 984-5.

SCHUTZ: *Cantiones Sacrae* (1625). Dresden Kreuzchor; Rudolf Mauersberger, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9468-70-B.

Excerpts from *Cantiones Sacrae.* Niedersächsischer Singkreis, Hanover; Willi Träder, cond. Nonesuch H-1062/H-71062.

St. Luke Passion; Seven Last Words. Monteverdi-Chorus of Hamburg, Leonhardt Consort; Jürgen Jürgens, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9467-A.

STRAUSS: *Daphne.* Hilde Gueden, Fritz Wunderlich, soloists. Vienna Symphony; Karl Böhm, cond. DGG 138956/7.

STRAVINSKY: *Mavra* (1921). Joan Carlyle, Kenneth MacDonald, Helen Watts, Monica Sinclair, vocal soloists. Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; Ernest Ansermet, cond. (with *Renard* and *Scherzo a la Russe*). London OL 5929/OS 25929.

VERDI: *Macbeth.* Birgit Nilsson, Giuseppe Taddei, Bruno Prevedi; Chorus and Orchestra of Santa Cecilia, Rome; Thomas Schippers, cond. London A 4380/OSA 1380.

Quattro Pezzi Sacri. Chorus and Orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino; Ettore Gracis, cond. DGG 138 962.

WEBER: Piano Sonatas Nos. 3 and 4. Annie D'Arco, piano. L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 271.

III. Performances of Special Interest

BEETHOVEN: The Five Piano Concertos. Leon Fleisher, piano. Cleveland Orchestra; George Szell, cond. Epic SC 6051/BSC 151.

The Nine Symphonies. Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond. Epic SC 6050/BSC 150 (Nos. 1 and 2, 4/26; No. 6, 4/20/63).

The "Rasumovsky" Quartets (Op. 59, Nos. 1-3); The "Harp" Quartet (Op. 74). The Juilliard String Quartet. Epic SC 6052/BSC 152.

Bagatelles; Ecossaises; Rondos; Albumblatt; Andante Favori in F; Variations on "Nel cor più non mi sento." DGG 138 934. (5/17).

Sonatas Nos. 21, 23, 25, Opp. 53, 57, 79. DGG 138 943. (5/17).

Sonatas Nos. 17, 26, 28, Opp. 31, No. 2, 81a, 101. DGG 138 942.
All with Wilhelm Kempff, piano.

BELLINI: *Norma.* Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, John Alexander. London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Richard Bonynge, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 6166. (10/25).

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 4. The Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 46245. (10/25).

CHOPIN: Four Ballades. *Trois Nouvelles Etudes.* Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. London CM 9422/CS 6422.

DEBUSSY: *Pelléas et Mélisande.* Erna Spoorenberg, Camille Maurane, George London, Guus Hoekman. L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; Ernest Ansermet, cond. A 4379/OSA 1379. (10/25).

MOZART: Symphonies Nos. 35 and 36; 38 and 39; 40 and 41; Angel 36128, 36129, 36183. Philharmonic Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. (10/25).

STRAVINSKY: *Le Sacre du Printemps. Quatre Etudes pour orchestre.* Orchestre National de la Radio-Télévision Française; Pierre Boulez, cond. Nonesuch H-1093/H-71093.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5. Vienna Philharmonic; Lorin Maazel, cond. London CM 9426/CS 6426; CM 9427/CS 6427; CM 9429/CS 6429; CM 9376/CS 6376. (5/24).

VERDI: *La Forza del Destino.* Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Shirley Verrett, Georgio Tozzi, Ezio Flagello. RCA Italiana Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Thomas Schippers, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 6413.

IV. Historic Reissues

BERLIOZ: *Romeo and Juliet,* Op. 17. Gladys Swarthout, John Garris, Ni-

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cola Moscona; Chorus and NBC Symphony Orchestra; Arturo Toscanini, cond. RCA Victor LM 7034.

BERUHMTE KOMPONISTEN SPIELEN EIGENE WERKE (Famous Composers Play Their Own Works): Debussy, Grieg, Mahler, Reger, Saint-Säens, Strauss. Telefunken HT 18.

KEYBOARD GIANTS OF THE PAST (Vol. 2): Cortot, De Pachmann, Gabrilowitsch, Lhevinne, Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, Samaroff. RCA Victor LM 2824.

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 6, Op. 74. Concertgebouw Orchestra; Willem Mengelberg, cond. Telefunken HT 3.

Books by NATION Contributors

As a service to our readers, we are pleased to list below books published in 1965 by writers who contributed to The Nation *during the past year. This compilation — a year-end feature — does not include anthologies or books published in foreign languages. Books published in England are listed, showing equivalent prices in dollars, and are available on special order from most booksellers.*

RICHARD J. BERNSTEIN. *Perspectives on Peirce.* Yale University Press. $5.

NICHOLAS BIEL. *Gone for a Soldier.* Gambit (London). $4.50 paper.

ROBIN BLASER. *Les Chimères* (Trans. of Nerval). S. F. Open Space. $1.50. Limited Edition $10.
The Moth Poem. S. F. Open Space. $1.25.

ROY BONGARTZ. *Twelve Chases on West 99th Street.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.

SAM BRADLEY. *Men—In Good Measure.* Golden Quill Press. $3.

ANTHONY BURGESS. *The Long Day Wanes.* W. W. Norton. $5.95.

NIGEL CALDER, editor. *The World in 1984.* Penguin. 2 vols. 95c ea., paper.

RALPH CAPLAN. *Say Yes!* Doubleday. $4.95.

HAYDEN CARRUTH. *After the Stranger: Imaginary Dialogues with Camus.* Macmillan. $4.95.
Nothing for Tigers: Poems 1959-1964. Macmillan. $3.95.

GWENDOLEN M. CARTER (with John H. Herz). *Government and Politics in the Twentieth Century.* Praeger. $5.50. $1.95 paper.
Politics in Europe: Five Case Studies in European Government (with Alan Westin). Harcourt, Brace and World. $2.95 paper.

HECTOR CHEVIGNY. *Russian America: The Great Alaskan Venture 1741-1867.* Viking. $5.95.

FRED J. COOK. *The FBI Nobody Knows.* Pyramid. 95c paper.

HARVEY COX. *The Secular City.* Macmillan. $1.45 paper.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD. *The Awakening of American Nationalism, 1815-1828.* Harper & Row. $6.

DONALD DAVIE. *Russian Literature and Modern English Fiction.* University of Chicago Press. $1.95 paper.
The Poems of Doctor Zhivago. Barnes & Noble. $5.

ISAAC DEUTSCHER. *The Prophet Armed. The Prophet Unarmed. The Prophet Outcast.* Trotsky trilogy. 3 vols. Vintage. $2.45 ea. Paper.

CORWIN D. EDWARDS. *Trade Regulation Overseas: The National Laws.* Oceana. $25.

JACQUES ELLUL. *Propaganda.* Knopf. $8.95.

F. M. ESFANDIARY. *The Beggar.* Obolensky. $3.95.

RICHARD A. FALK, editor (with R. J. Barnet). *Security in Disarmament.* Princeton University Press. $10.
The Aftermath of Sabbatino. Oceana. $2.95.

BERNARD B. FALL (with Marcus G. Raskin). *The Viet-Nam Reader.* Random. $5.95.

GEORGE FEIFER. *Justice in Moscow.* Dell. $1.95 paper.

C. P. FITZGERALD. *Barbarian Beds.* Cresset Press (London). $14.70.
The Third China. F. W. Cheshire (Melbourne). $1.88.
The Birth of Communist China. Pelican. $1.25.
The Chinese View of Their Place in the World. Oxford. $1.
China: A Short Cultural History. Praeger. $3.95.

DANIEL FORD. *Now Comes Theodora.* Doubleday. $4.95.

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG. *Coming of Age in America.* Random. $5.95.
The Dignity of Youth and Other Atavisms. Beacon. $6.95.

ERICH FROMM, editor. *Socialist Humanism: An International Symposium.* Doubleday. $5.95.

EUGENE D. GENOVESE. *The Political Economy of Slavery.* Pantheon. $6.95.

ELMER GERTZ. *A Handful of Clients.* Follett. $5.95.
Books and Their Right To Live. University of Kansas Libraries. $1.

ALBERT GOLDMAN. *The Mine and the Mint.* Southern Illinois University Press. $5.95.

MARGARET S. GORDON. *Retraining and Labor Market Adjustment in Western Europe.* U. S. Government Printing Office. $1.75.
Poverty in America. Chandler. $5. $2.50 paper.

SELIG GREENBERG. *The Troubled Calling: Crisis in the Medical Establishment.* Macmillan. $6.95.

SCOTT GREER. *The Emerging City.* Free Press. $1.95 paper.

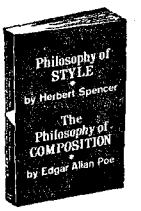
ANNE HALLEY. *Between Wars.* Gehenna Press. $3.50.

CURTIS HARNACK. *Persian Lions, Persian Lambs.* Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

JAMES HARRISON. *Plain Song.* Norton. $4.50. $1.95 paper.

DAVID HAYMAN. *Louis-Ferdinand Celine.* Columbia University Press. 65c paper.

JOHN HILLABY. *Journey to the Jade Sea.* Simon & Schuster. $8.50.



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ERIC HOBSBAWM. *Labouring Men.* Basic Books. $7.50.
Primitive Rebels. Norton. $1.75 paper.

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